

# Baghdaddy

a true story with liberties

Music and Book  
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Lyrics and Book  
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## CAST OF CHARACTERS

**Martin Bouchard** (50's - 60's) - Used to be a bigwig intelligence guy, but has fallen several rungs in recent years. Knowledgeable, but sometimes shortsighted and rash in his quest to reclaim past glory. Bari-tenor.

**Richard Becker** (20's) - A junior interrogator with the BND, Germany's national intelligence agency. Young, ambitious, not as cool as he thinks. Looking for a friend. Tenor.

**Curveball** (30's) - An Iraqi defector to Germany, and the only eyewitness source supporting the claim that Iraq had biological weapons of mass destruction. Enchanting, manipulative, unpredictable with a wild side. Tenor.

**Tyler Nelson** (40's) - CIA operative, bureaucrat and consummate company man. Reverses the rules. Holier than thou. Bari-tenor.

**Berry Stanton** (late 20's) - Ambitious but reckless CIA analyst. Smart, abrasive, with minimal people skills. Mezzo-Soprano with belt.

**Jerry Samuel** (late 20's) - CIA analyst and super geek. Socially awkward with a strong moral code for the most part. Tenor.

**Leader of the Support Group/Male Ensemble** (Any adult age) - Facilitates support group session. Plays many other characters. Strong comedian. Tenor.

**Female Ensemble Member** - (Any adult age) - Plays many characters. Strong comedian. Soprano.

## LOCATION

Support Group for Starters of the Iraq War; CIA - Langley, VA; BND (German CIA equivalent) - Berlin; Northern Iraq.

## TIME

2001-2004.

**SONG LISTING**

**ACT I**

1. Peace	Company
2. Rules Preprise	Nelson, Bouchard
3. We Deserve Better	Bouchard, Ensemble
4. Stay Preprise	Curveball
5. Das Man	Richart
6. Stay	Curveball
7. We Deserve Better Reprise	Richart
8. Berry and the Bad Boy	Berry, Jerry, Ensemble
9. Rules	Nelson
10. Berry's Dilemma	Berry, Jerry, Bouchard
11. Hydrangea Reports	Richart, Curveball
12. We Deserve Better Reprise	Berry, Jerry
13. Hydrangea Reports Reprise	Richart
14. Music to Me	Jerry
15. Who's Your Baghdaddy?	Curveball, Richart, Ensemble

**ACT II**

16. Change of Tone	Company
17. Hydrangea Reports Reprise	Richart, Curveball
18. The Second in Command	Nelson, Ensemble
19. The Search	Bouchard, Berry, Jerry
20. Richart's Search	Richart
21. Speak to Me Tomorrow	Curveball
22. Peace Reprise	Company

## ACT I

*(It's 2004. The audience walks into a setting for a support group meeting. Maybe there's a table with coffee, donuts, wine and cheese. The whole environment is very casual with the undifferentiated actors milling around with everyone else. A piano plays cheesy elevator music in the corner of the room. There are no programs, no indication that this is anything other than a support group meeting. Fifteen minutes before the official start:)*

### LEADER

Evening/Afternoon everybody! Thank you for coming to our meeting! We're gonna get started in about 15 minutes, so for now please help yourself to the refreshments, maybe introduce yourself, socialize to your heart's content, whatever. I'll let you know when it's time to take your seats. So carry on.

*(Seven minutes before the official start. Until Berry says "I'll go," LEADER should feel free to improvise, with humor or whatever else feels right at the time.)*

### LEADER

Okay you guys, we've got around seven minutes to go, so get yourself more refreshments, check in on your broker, the babysitter, or whatever else you need to do, and start thinking about heading to your seats pretty soon, alright? Thanks much!

*(Two minutes before the official start.)*

### LEADER

Hey listen up everybody, we're gonna start in about two minutes, so please start taking your seats, thank you!

*(After two minutes more have passed. LEADER should think of ways to loosen up and energize the audience here, if needed. For example, if in the round, the wave has proven to be a nice touch.)*

**LEADER**

*(Motioning everyone to finish taking their seats)*  
Okay then, great... Looks like we got a lot of new faces tonight, always good to see that. And for those of you who are new - not to worry for a second, you can just sit back and take it all in, no one's going to touch you or make you talk or anything like that, I promise. So, go on and let out that big breath you've been holding in. Hmm... and let's see... Oh yeah, we'll go about two hours, with about a 10-minute break in the middle. Turn off your cell phones of course. So now.... Does one of the regulars want to get us started?

**BERRY**

I'll go.

**LEADER**

Fantastic.

**BERRY**

I'm Berry and I started the Iraq War.

**ALL**

Hi, Berry.

**LEADER**

And what do you do, Berry?

**BERRY**

You know what I do.

**LEADER**

For the group?

**BERRY**

I'm a CIA analyst.

**LEADER**

And do you ever blame yourself, Berry?

**BERRY**

I shouldn't have to blame myself. We were gonna invade anyway - if it hadn't been me they would've used some other cog.

**SPIRITUAL WOMAN**

*(Profoundly)*

Sometimes, only by turning the eyes inward can the inward self look upon the outward self... with acceptance.

*(Meaningful nods and groans from the group.)*

**LEADER**

Okay, who else? Richart?

**RICHART**

*(Hadn't been paying attention)*

Yeah. I'm Richart.

**LEADER**

And what did you do, Richart?

**RICHART**

Oh, I started the Iraq War.

**ALL**

Hi, Richart.

**LEADER**

And what's your occupation, Richart?

**RICHART**

I'm an interrogator for the Germans. I'm German by the way, for those who couldn't tell by the accent.

*(He has no accent.)*

**LEADER**

And do you blame yourself, Richart?

**RICHART**

No. I mean. I don't think I should.

**LEADER**

You still drinking though?

**RICHART**

Oh, yeah, all the time.

**LEADER**

Good for you.

**SPIRITUAL WOMAN**

*(Meaningfully)*

If you learn to love your flaws, then perhaps you can someday learn to love... love.

*(Meaningful nods and groans from the group.)*

**LEADER**

And... let's see. Nelson, you wanna introduce yourself to the new faces?

**NELSON**

*(Sigh)*

I'm Nelson.

**LEADER**

And what did you do, Nelson?

**NELSON**

Everything I could.

**LEADER**

Uh huh, and did you...

*(NELSON shrugs.)*

Is there anything you... started? Like maybe a... certain... international conflagration...?

**NELSON**

Oh right! That!

**LEADER**

Yes, that.

**NELSON**

No. I didn't start that.

**BERRY**

Denial.

**LEADER**

No, none of that, please. Nelson will come around in his own time.

*(NELSON sighs.)*



**SPIRITUAL WOMAN**

Today is the first day...

*(The group waits for her to finish her thought, until at last it becomes clear that her thought is already complete.)*

**LEADER**

Absolutely. Nelson, do you want to lead us in the pledge?

**NELSON**

I do not.

**LEADER**

Okay, well do you want to reconsider that?

**NELSON**

I do not.

**LEADER**

Okay, I think you know it's in your best interest to participate.

**NELSON**

Ugh.

**LEADER**

*(Continuous)*

So why don't we make an effort today, if we can.

*(Beat)*

Do you want to lead us in the pledge?

**NELSON**

So bad.

**LEADER**

Okay.

**NELSON**

I CAN RUN,  
BUT NEVER FROM MY HEART.  
CAN'T DENY WHAT IT KNOWS IS TRUE.

**NELSON, RICHART**

I CAN HIDE,  
BUT NEVER FROM MY HEART.

CAN'T DEFY WHAT IT HOLDS ME TO.

**NELSON, RICHART, BERRY**  
BUT IF I FACE THE BLAME  
THEN GRACE WILL SET ME FREE.

**ALL**  
IN MY DARKEST HOUR  
PEACE WILL COME TO ME.  
IN MY DARKEST HOUR  
IF I TURN,  
FACE THE BLAME,  
THEN PEACE AT LAST WILL  
COME TO ME.

*(MARTIN walks into the SUPPORT GROUP, clutching his cellphone. HE takes his seat, but does not join in song.)*

**LEADER**  
Martin, it's good to see you, as always. No cellphones, please.

**MARTIN**  
*(Putting away his cellphone)*  
I'm Martin I started the Iraq War.

**ALL**  
Hi, Martin.

**LEADER**  
Now, we know you're not big into the talking, but tell us if you can: do you blame yourself?  
*(No answer)*  
Do you blame yourself, Martin?  
*(No answer)*  
Martin?  
*(No answer)*  
Martin?

*(Suddenly we're in MARTIN's head, looking back to his time at the CIA in the summer of 2001. HE is at his desk in front of his computer, talking to his boss, NELSON, who is holding a clipboard. A beat plays.)*

**ALL**

*(To the audience)*

How Martin started the Iraq War.

**MARTIN**

*(Spoken rhythmically)*

I HAVE AN OPPORTUNITY.

**NELSON**

*(Spoken rhythmically)*

WHAT?

**MARTIN**

THE U.N. SPECIAL COMMISSION,  
WANTS TO PUBLISH ME ON THE WEB.

**NELSON**

PUBLISH WHAT?

**MARTIN**

MY COMPENDIUM.

**NELSON**

OH GOD.

**MARTIN**

A DECADE OF RESEARCH.

**NELSON**

THEORIES.

**MARTIN**

THEORIES, YES, BASED ON RESEARCH.

GERM WEAPONS.

SADDAM HUSSEIN HAS LOADS.

GERMS, THE BAD STUFF,

ANTHRAX AND CLOSTRIDIUM BOTULINUM.

SADDAM HAS CLOSTRIDIUM BOTULINUM, MAN,

THOSE ARE JUST THE FACTS.

**NELSON**

THEORIES.

**MARTIN**

THEORIES, YES, BASED ON FACTS.

I just need your permission to send it.

**NELSON**

Marty, this is the CIA. Nothing unsubstantiated goes public.

**MARTIN**

But...

**NELSON**

*(Sung)*

RULES MAKE UP OUR DAILY GRUEL  
EVEN WHEN THEY SEEM "UNCOOL"  
PAY THEM HEED OR PLAY THE FOOL.  
BRING ME PROOF,  
AND THEN "RAISE THE ROOF" -  
YOU CAN SEND YOUR COMPENDIUM, YAY!  
BUT BRING ME PROOF.

**MARTIN**

*(Spoken rhythmically)*

TELL ME YOU DON'T THINK SADDAM HAS 'EM.  
TELL ME AND I'LL DROP IT.

**NELSON**

*(Spoken rhythmically)*

COURSE I *THINK* SO,  
WE ALL *THINK* SO,  
BUT THAT'S NOT HARD PROOF.

**MARTIN**

CHIEF U.N. WEAPONS INSPECTOR,  
I,  
I WAS THE CHIEF INSPECTOR OF THE WORLD!

**NELSON**

OKAY. STILL NOT PROOF.

**MARTIN**

THEY BUMPED ME DOWN TO ONE DAY A WEEK!

**NELSON**

I KNOW.

**MARTIN**

*ME. ONE DAY A WEEK.*

**NELSON**

AND I'M SORRY,  
BUT THAT'S *STILL NOT PROOF.*

*(MARTIN deflates.)*

Do you really want your unsubstantiated theories up on the web, disguised as fact, for the whole world to see? Come on, Marty. That's not what the internet is for.

**MARTIN**

They bumped me down to one day a week. Me. I was the Chief Weapons Inspector.

**NELSON**

*(Softly, pityingly)*  
THE RULES YOU BREAK  
WILL EXACT THEIR TAKE  
WE ALL HARVEST WHAT WE SOW...

*(NELSON gestures to his clipboard.)*

**MARTIN**

*(Resigned)*  
Thin mints.

**NELSON**

*(The reason he was in Martin's office in the first place)*  
One box or two?

**MARTIN**

Obviously two.

*(NELSON checks a box on his clipboard and exits.)*

**MARTIN**

God, everything is the worst. Wonder what the news has to say:

*(MARTIN turns on the television, a NEWS REPORTER appears.)*

**NEWS REPORTER**

This just in: everything is the worst. Yes, it's April 3rd, 2001, and a series of tragedies has forced us to

reconsider what it means to truly suffer. Napster shut down, shark attacks at an all-time high, and now we've received word of the untimely demise of a beloved national icon.

**MARTIN**

Not Baywatch.

**NEWS REPORTER**

It's Baywatch.

**MARTIN**

No, God!

**NEWS REPORTER**

Yes, it's April 3<sup>rd</sup>, 2001, and the world deserves better. So why not just open up that computer, Marty?

*(MARTIN is puzzled.)*

Open it up.

*(MARTIN opens his computer.)*

Now, why not just send that compendium, Marty? The world deserves it.

*(MARTIN stares at his computer. HE is tempted to press "send.")*

**ENSEMBLE**

*(Whispered)*

WE DESERVE BETTER.  
WE DESERVE BETTER,  
WE DESERVE IT RIGHT NOW.  
WE DESERVE BETTER.

**FEMALE ENSEMBLE**

*(Whispered)*

PLEASE, MARTY...

**NELSON (AS ENSEMBLE)**

*(Whispered)*

DON' T...

**ENSEMBLE**

WE DESERVE...

WE DESERVE...  
WE DESERVE BETTER RIGHT NOW!

**MARTIN**

HOW COULD I,  
HOW COULD I WITHHOLD  
THAT WHICH I ALONE,  
I ALONE CAN GIVE.  
ALL MY KNOWLEDGE AND MY EXPERTISE,  
MY LASER INTUITION,

**ENSEMBLE**

WE DESERVE BETTER...

**MARTIN**

KEEP THEM FROM,  
KEEP THEM FROM THE TRUTH  
ABOUT HIS

**MARTIN AND ENSEMBLE**

BIO-AMMUNITION!

**MARTIN**

WHEN TRUTH ALONE CAN KEEP HIS  
PLAN FROM COMING TO FRUITION?

**ENSEMBLE**

*(Softly)*

THE RULES YOU BREAK  
WILL EXACT THEIR TAKE...

*(BERRY and RICHART, in their own world, share  
in Martin's frustration.)*

**MARTIN, BERRY, RICHART**

SO SUE ME IF I'D  
LET A LITTLE RULE SLIDE -  
TO SPARE THEM FROM WOE  
OH, I'D LET A RULE SLIDE.

I'LL SHOW IT THEM  
CUZ I OWE IT TO THEM  
THEY DESERVE IT!

**MARTIN**

THEY DESERVE IT!

**ENSEMBLE**

WHOA OH OH OH  
WHOA OH OH OH

**MARTIN, WOMEN**

THE PEOPLE DESERVE A BREAK!

**ENSEMBLE**

WHOA OH OH OH

**MARTIN, WOMEN**

HOH YEAH,  
THEY DESERVE A BREAK!

**ALL**

WHOA OH OH OH

**MARTIN**

AND MAYBE I DESERVE IT

**ALL**

TOO!  
MAYBE I DESERVE IT TOO!

**ENSEMBLE**

WE DESERVE BETTER  
WE DESERVE BETTER,  
WE DESERVE IT RIGHT NOW!

**BERRY**

YO.  
A SNOWBALL'S CHANCE IN HELL  
WE SHIRK OUR DUTY TO THIS NATION.  
WE GOT SKILL,  
WE GOT THE WILL  
TO MEET OUR OBLIGATION.  
DOING GOOD'S OUR PRIZE,  
SURPRISE -  
WE DON'T NEED WEALTH OR ADULATION,  
NOT WHEN,  
SHORE TO SHORE,  
THE ONES WE SERVE  
DESERVE A SCORE.

**RICHART**

AND MAYBE I DESERVE IT TOO.



**MARTIN**

I DESERVE TO TELL  
THAT WHICH THEY DESERVE TO KNOW...

**RICHART**

*(Overlapped)*

THE WORLD DESERVES FOR ME  
TO BREAK FREE FROM MY ASSAILERS.

**MARTIN**

*(Overlapped)*

ABOUT HIS DIABOLIC WEAPONS  
HIDING OUT IN TRAILERS!

**BERRY**

*(Overlapped)*

LET'S BREAK FREE FROM OUR ASSAILERS!

**MARTIN**

HAVE A SAY IN WHO SHALL NOT PREVAIL

**MARTIN, BERRY, RICHART**

AND WHO ARE THE PREVAILERS!

**ALL**

SO SUE ME IF I  
DON'T DOT EVERY "I."  
TO SPARE THEM FROM WOE,  
SO I DON'T DOT AN I?

I'LL SHOW IT TO THEM  
FOR I OWE IT TO THEM.

**MEN**

THEY DESERVE IT.

**WOMEN**

THEY DESERVE IT.

**ALL**

WHOA OH OO WHOA WHOA  
WHOA OH OH OH

**MARTIN, WOMEN**

THE PEOPLE DESERVE TO THRIVE!

**ENSEMBLE**

WHOA OH OH OH

**MARTIN, WOMEN**

HOH YEAH,  
THEY DESERVE TO THRIVE!

**ALL**

WHOA OH OH OH

**MARTIN**

AND MAYBE I DESERVE IT

**ALL**

TOO!  
MAYBE I DESERVE IT...

*(The ENSEMBLE snaps their fingers as JERRY stands up and addresses the audience.)*

**JERRY**

EVERYTHING YOU'LL SEE TODAY HAPPENED.

**ALL**

*(To the audience)*  
BASICALLY.

**JERRY**

WE ADDED DRAMA  
AND WE

**JERRY AND ALL**

ADDED SOME "SHINE."

**JERRY**

OUR TIMELINE IS CONDENSED  
AND THE ACTIONS OF MANY IN REAL LIFE  
*HERE* ARE CARRIED OUT BY SIX  
(YOU DESERVE TO KNOW OUR TRICKS):

**JERRY, NELSON**

*(While NELSON raises his hand)*  
AN OPERATIVE,

**JERRY, MARTIN**

*(While MARTIN raises his hand)*  
A WEAPONS INSPECTOR,

**JERRY, BERRY**

*(While JERRY and BERRY raise their hands)*  
TWO ANALYSTS,

**JERRY, RICHART**

*(While RICHART raises his hand)*  
A GERMAN INTERROGATOR,

**JERRY**

AND ONE MORE.  
EACH WITH NOBLE INTENTIONS..

**ALL**

BASICALLY.

**JERRY**

BUT SOMETIMES "BASICALLY" LEADS TO WAR.  
YOU DESERVE TO KNOW.

**ALL**

*(Whispered)*  
YOU DESERVE BETTER,  
YOU DESERVE IT RIGHT NOW  
WE DESERVE BETTER,  
WE DESERVE IT RIGHT NOW.  
WHOA OH OH OH!

WHOA OH OH OH

**MARTIN, WOMEN**

THE PEOPLE DESERVE A WIN!

**ENSEMBLE**

WHOA OH OH OH

**MARTIN, WOMEN**

HOH YEAH,  
THEY DESERVE A WIN!

**ALL**

WHOA OH OH OH

**MARTIN**

AND MAYBE I DESERVE IT TOO

**ENSEMBLE**

WHOA OH OH OH

**MARTIN, RICHART**

AND MAYBE I DESERVE IT TOO!

**ENSEMBLE**

WHOA OH OH OH

**ALL**

AND MAYBE I DESERVE IT TOO!

**MARTIN**

I WON'T LET A SILLY GUIDELINE  
SIDELINE THAT WHICH I MUST DO.  
IT'S ON ME TO GET THIS OUT THERE,  
DOUBT THERE'S LOTS WHO HAVE A CLUE.  
I MUST BEND THE PEOPLE'S EAR NOW,  
WE'RE NOW WAY PAST TIME THE WHISTLE BLEW.

**ALL**

WE DESERVE IT...  
WE DESERVE IT...  
AND MAYBE I DESERVE IT...

*(The music cuts out as MARTIN presses "Enter" on his computer keyboard to send the Compendium. But, it's 2001, so AOL needs to dial up, which takes an uncomfortably long time. After MARTIN is online, HE presses "Enter" again to send the document. Finally sent with a loud "WHOOOOSH.")*

**ALL (CONT'D)**

TOO!

*(Big button. We're back in the SUPPORT GROUP.)*

**LEADER**

Martin?

*(Beat)*

Martin, we'd love for you to share.

*(Beat. MARTIN shakes his head, takes his seat.)*

That's okay.

*(LEADER looks around the room for a new participant.)*

**LEADER (CONT'D)**

Richart?

**RICHART**

Oh, ja.

*(RICHART takes his place tentatively in front of the group.)*

**LEADER**

Everyone, let's give Richart our undivided and unprejudiced attention.

**RICHART**

*(Reads from a prepared statement.)*

My involvement began after an incident in Frankfurt Airport. Which is in Germany. Remember, I'm German.

**LEADER**

We remember.

**RICHART**

Okay, just let me know if the accent becomes a problem.

**LEADER**

We understand you just fine.

**RICHART**

Okay. So an Iraqi walks into a customs booth...

*(Frankfurt Airport. Two German CUSTOMS AGENTS appear, checking passports.)*

**CUSTOMS AGENT 1**

*(Cheerily with a German accent, dismissing a passenger)*

And here's your passport. Danke,  
ENJOY YOUR STAY IN DEUTSCHLAND.

*(CURVEBALL, an Iraqi man with slightly unkempt hair and a nervous look in his eye, steps up to the Customs booth.)*

Guten tag.

WELCOME TO DEUTSCHLAND.  
Passport?

**CURVEBALL**

*(Forebodingly)*

I'VE GRAVE INFORMATION FOR YOU -  
THERE COMES MASS DEVASTATION FOR YOU  
AND FOR ALL OF YOUR NATION.  
BUT IT MAY NOT BE TOO LATE  
IF YOU HEED WHAT I HAVE TO SAY.  
STAY...  
YOU MUST LET ME STAY.

*(There is an eerie silence as the portent of  
Curveball's message hangs in the air.)*

**BOTH CUSTOMS AGENTS**

*(Turning to look at one another)*

Another one.

**CUSTOMS AGENT 1**

*(To CURVEBALL)*

Herr, there is no need for the drama. If you seek  
political asylum we will direct you to the BND.

**CUSTOMS AGENT 2**

Which is the German CIA.

**CUSTOMS AGENT 1**

The German CIA, exactly.

*(To CUSTOMS AGENT 2)*

Funny that's how we think of it.

*(CUSTOMS AGENT 2 nods. To Curveball, while  
initiating a phone call)*

**CUSTOMS AGENT 1 (CONT'D)**

You will have a chitchat with one of their agents. But  
don't you worry your cute little oppressed face about it.  
German intelligence is made up of the finest men and  
women Deutschland has to offer.

*(Lights down on CURVEBALL and CUSTOMS AGENTS.  
An alarm clock rings, then is shut off. Lights  
up on young RICHART BECKER, arising from bed,  
checking himself in the mirror, getting ready  
to rock. HE is a total bro wannabe.)*

**ALL**

*(To the audience)*

How Richart started the Iraq War.

**RICHART**

Schnell yes, Junior Detective Richart Becker. Schnell.  
Yes.

*(RICHART gets ready for the day, accompanied by enthusiastic BACKUPS.)*

IT'S ANOTHER DAY  
THINK I BE VORGLÜHEN LIKE A BRO BRO  
PLAY ME SOME NINTENDO SIXTY FO FO  
I JUST GOTTA SEE.

STOPPEN!  
KEEP IT SMOOTH NOW.

ALL I GOTTA SAY  
IT DON'T REALLY MAKHT HOW I'M ROLLIN'  
LONG AS I BE REPPIN' AND CONTROLLIN'  
THE BRO THAT I BE.

JA, I'M DAS SCHEISSE  
DAS BOMBE  
DAS WUNDERBAR PHENOM.

CALL ME A SCHWANZ?  
A SCHWEIN?  
A KUGELBLITZ DUMBKOPF??  
YO, THAT'S FINE, CUZ

DOO DOO DOO DOO DOO DOO DOO  
NO MAKHT WHERE I'M GOIN'  
I AM DAS MAN

**BACKUPS**

JA!

**RICHART**

I AM DAS MAN

**BACKUPS**

JA!  
NO KUGLEBLITZ DUMBKOPF!

**RICHART**

DOO DOO DOO DOO DOO DOO DOO  
ALL THE FRAULEINS KNOWIN'  
I AM DAS MAN

**BACKUPS**

JA!

**RICHART**

I AM DAS MAN!!

**BACKUPS**

ER IST DAS MAN!

*(RICHART is going through security at the BND. Groggy people with their coffees stand on line behind him. HELGA, a female security guard, signs him in.)*

**RICHART**

Holla, holla, Helga.

**HELGA**

*(Huge sigh)*

Richart.

**RICHART**

Or is it Junior Detective Richart?

*(Flashing credentials)*

What? What? Yeah, I'm a detective now. Guess I speak Arabic or whatever, which is... pretty rare around here.

**HELGA**

Seventh floor.

**RICHART**

You know it. And...

*(HE goes in slowly for a fist pound, but HELGA does not respond at all, so he pretends like she pounded it out, and "explodes" his hand.)*

Boom goes the dynamite. Have a guten tag.

GOIN' 'BOUT MY BIZ

THINK I BE VORGLÜHEN WITH SOME HO HOS,

SOON ENOUGH I'M GIVIN' 'EM THE OH OHS,

THAT I GUARANTEE.



STOPPEN!  
(THE LADIES NEVER SAY TO ME)

TELL YOU WHAT IT IS  
IT DON'T REALLY MAKHT HOW THEY ROLLIN'  
ONCE I PLAY 'EM THEN I BE CONTROLLIN' -  
THEY BE ROLLIN' TO ME.

DOO DOO DOO DOO DOO DOO DOO  
NO MAKHT WHERE I'M GOIN'  
I AM DAS MAN

**BACKUPS**

JA!

**RICHART**

I AM DAS MAN

**BACKUPS**

JA!  
NO KUGLEBLITZ DUMBKOPF!

**RICHART**

DOO DOO DOO DOO DOO DOO DOO  
ALL THE FRAULEINS KNOWIN'  
I AM DAS MAN

**BACKUPS**

JA!

**RICHART**

I AM DAS MAN!!

**BACKUPS**

ER IST DAS MAN!

*(RICHART is at his desk in interrogation,  
surrounded by German CO-WORKERS.)*

**CO-WORKER**

Hey ja, Adler. Is lunch time, mein Herr.

**ADLER**

Ja, ich sterbe vor hunger.

**RICHART**

Yo, you guys going out to grab somethin'?

*(Ignoring RICHART, the CO-WORKERS begin to exit.)*

**RICHART (CONT'D)**

Guys?

*(CO-WORKERS exit.)*

Guys?

*(RICHART is alone. HE sulks for a moment, then pulls out a bagged lunch - this isn't his first time eating alone.)*

It's all gut, Junior Detective Richart Becker.

*(Softly)*

SOON THEY'LL SEE YOU'RE DAS PIMP

DAS DON JUAN

DAS GUT AUSSENDEN MANN

*(Gaining momentum)*

CALL ME A GOCKEL?

A STICH?

A KÖRPERKLAUS FRATZENGULASCH?

EINFALTSPINSEL WIENER WÜRSTCHEN?

IT'S ALL NOISE

WHEN YOU'RE A PERFECT ZEHN!!

DOO DOO DOO DOO DOO DOO DOO

NO MAKHT WHERE I'M GOIN'

I AM DAS MAN!

**BACKUPS**

JA!

**RICHART**

I AM DAS MAN!

**BACKUPS**

JA!

NO KÖRPERKLAUS FRATZENGULASCH!

**RICHART**

DOO DOO DOO DOO DOO DOO DOO

ALL THE FRAULEINS KNOWIN'

I AM DAS MAN!

**BACKUPS**

JA!

**RICHART**

I AM DAS MAN!!

**BACKUPS**

MAN!

**RICHART**

MAN!!!

**BACKUPS**

MAN!

**RICHART**

MAN!!!

**BACKUPS**

ER IST DAS MAN!!!

*(Button. CURVEBALL sits in the interrogation room. Outside, HERR GIMMLEVOGUT stands before a row of detectives, with RICHART in between HERR GIMMLEVOGUT and ADLER.)*

**HERR GIMMLEVOGUT**

His name is Akmed Muhammed. Or Muhammed Akmed. Something. There is no way of knowing for sure.

**ADLER**

What does his file say?

**HERR GIMMLEVOGUT**

*(Glances at the file, then closes it)*

His name is Abu Kareem al-Jameel. But we have given him a codename: Curveball.

*(An ominous chord is heard.)*

Flew into Frankfurt from Morocco, and Morocco from Baghdad. Yet another one seeking asylum from Saddam, no doubt with yet another fairy tale to waste our time with. We pretend to take him seriously, then out with das trash.

*(Calling)*

Who speaks Arabic? Schulz?

**ADLER**

*(Quickly)*

She's on maternity leave, mein Leibe.

**HERR GIMMLEVOGUT**

*(Quickly)*

Scholz?

**ADLER**

*(Quickly)*

He's running with the bulls, mein Leibe.

**HERR GIMMLEVOGUT**

*(Calling)*

Shallot?

**ADLER**

*(Quickly)*

A variety of onion, mein Leibe.

**HERR GIMMLEVOGUT**

Mutterficker.

*(Breath)*

Who else speaks Arabic?

*(RICHART slowly raises his hand.)*

Anyone. Anyone at all.

*(RICHART holds his hand up)*

Anyone but the new junior?

*(No response)*

Everyone else dismissed.

**OTHER GERMAN AGENTS**

Yes, Mein Leibe!

*(OTHER GERMAN AGENTS exit. HERR GIMMLEVOGUT walks RICHART to the entrance to the interrogation room.)*

**HERR GIMMLEVOGUT**

*(Whispered)*

Find a reason to send him back. Your job is to tell him "no," do you understand?

**RICHART**

*(Whispered)*

No, I'll probably sit.

**HERR GIMMLEVOGUT**

*(Whispered)*

What?

**RICHART**

*(Whispered)*

Didn't you ask me to stand?

**HERR GIMMLEVOGUT**

*(Whispered)*

I said do you understand.

**RICHART**

*(Whispered)*

Oh. Sorry. The accent...

**HERR GIMMLEVOGUT**

*(Whispered)*

We are both German! We have the same accent!

*(HERR GIMMLEVOGUT pushes RICHART into the interrogation room.)*

**HERR GIMMLEVOGUT (CONT'D)**

*(Whispered at the door)*

And do not let him know you are only a Junior Detective. Give him power and he will take it.

**RICHART**

Right.

**HERR GIMMLEVOGUT**

Today you are a full detective. Not a junior. Act like one.

*(HERR GIMMLEVOGUT exits, leaving RICHART alone in the interrogation room with CURVEBALL. RICHART puts on maximum swag as he takes a seat across from Curveball. After a tense pause...)*

**RICHART**

Herr al-Jameel, I'm Junior Detective...

*(RICHART stops, hangs his head, checks the two-way mirror to see if he's in trouble, then turns back to CURVEBALL as if nothing happened.)*

**RICHART (CONT'D)**

I'm regular Detective Richart Becker. You may call me Richart. And what may I call you?

*(CURVEBALL sits silent, but fidgets a little, then is still.)*

**RICHART (CONT'D)**

Uh oh. It says here you left a wife and daughter back in Iraq? Hmmm... I'm sorry, Herr, but our policy...

**CURVEBALL**

*(Interrupting)*

I know about the weapons.

*(Beat. RICHART is in over his head.)*

**RICHART**

Cool. So yeah, our policy, when you have dependents back home, is.....

**CURVEBALL**

*(Interrupting)*

What weapons?

*(Beat)*

**RICHART**

Um.

**CURVEBALL**

You are supposed to ask: what weapons.

*(Beat)*

**RICHART**

What weapons?

**CURVEBALL**

*(Holding up his handcuffs)*

Please.

**RICHART**

Um, the handcuffs are precautionary.

**CURVEBALL**

As am I.

*(RICHART laughs.)*

**RICHART**

Alright buddy.

**CURVEBALL**

*(Gesturing to his own head. Sings enchantingly)*

THERE LIES A TREASURE IN HERE,  
JEWELS BEYOND MEASURE IN HERE,  
YOURS AT YOUR LEISURE.  
BUT...  
STAY...  
LET ME...

**RICHART**

What are you trying to say?

**CURVEBALL**

The weapons are biological.

**RICHART**

Meaning...?

**CURVEBALL**

You do not know?

**RICHART**

*(HE doesn't)*

Yeah but I'm making sure you do.

**CURVEBALL**

*(Gesturing to his head)*

PEARLS COULD COME SPILLING FROM HERE,  
TALES DARK AND CHILLING FROM HERE,  
I'M MORE THAN WILLING.  
BUT THIS GOOD FORTUNE THAT I COULD SEND YOU  
MUST COME BACK THIS WAY...  
STAY...  
LET ME STAY.  
LET ME STAY.  
LET ME STAY.

**RICHART**

Biological weapons...

**CURVEBALL**

Are lethal viruses and bacteria, manufactured by Saddam  
to massacre thousands in a single payload.

**RICHART**

*(Becoming overwhelmed)*

Oh... god. Okay, this is a lot of information, and kinda...

*(Makes a hand swoop to mean "over my head")*

Let me get another agent...

**CURVEBALL**

No!

WHEN AN EAGLE SWOOPS BY  
AND OFFERS TO FLY YOU  
FAR BEYOND WHERE YOU EVER HAVE BEEN.

WILL YOU SHOO IT AWAY?  
WILL YOU CALL IT A DAY?  
OR HANG ON TIGHT AND GO FOR A SPIN?

FATE HAS SHOWN BRIGHTLY ON YOU.  
NICE AND POLITELY ON YOU,  
FAIR AND SO RIGHTLY,  
BUT THIS GOOD FORTUNE THAT I COULD SEND YOU  
MUST COME BACK THIS WAY...  
STAY...  
LET ME STAY.  
LET ME STAY.  
LET ME STAY.

You are probably asking why the U.N. inspectors failed to find these weapons.

**RICHART**

Obviously I'm asking that.

**CURVEBALL**

It is because the weapons labs are mobile. In trucks. They are germ warfare factories built into trucks. They are on our streets, in our gas stations, riding on our highways. Soon they will be on your highways. This is why I have come.

**RICHART**

How do I know you're telling the truth?

**CURVEBALL**

Give me asylum and I will tell you how.



**RICHART**

You go first.

**CURVEBALL**

Asylum first.

**RICHART**

No.

**CURVEBALL**

I built the mobile labs. I built every one of them.

*(Beat)*

Now, please. Friend.

*(On the word "friend," RICHART's demeanor changes.)*

LET ME...

*(RICHART stands and grabs CURVEBALL's wrists, then unlocks the handcuffs. Keeping his eyes on Curveball, RICHART now speaks with the LEADER back in the SUPPORT GROUP.)*

**LEADER**

And how did that make you feel, Richart?

**RICHART**

Like I was... das man.

**LEADER**

And sometimes when we feel invincible we tend to...

**RICHART**

...fuck up.

*(CURVEBALL smiles. RICHART turns to speak to the LEADER.)*

Sorry, were you going for something more, like, elegant?

**LEADER**

No, that's what I was going for.

*(RICHART is in HERR GIMMLEVOGUT's office.)*

**RICHART**

Herr Gimmlevogut. Danke for seeing me in your office.

*(Reads from a slip of paper)*

**RICHART (CONT'D)**

It is my belief we should commit resources to Abu Kareem al-Jameel, the refugee codenamed Curveball. You must think I'm an idiot for suggesting this after only four days on the job. Well, guess what, I am...

*(Page turn)*

...not an idiot. Curveball's intel could be critical, not just for Germany, but on a global scale. And so it is for the good of the Fatherland that I recommend ongoing interrogation of Curveball by me in exchange for granting him political asylum. I await your decision, but must warn you that if you say no, I will fight with every last...

**HERR GIMMLEVOGUT**

No.

*(RICHART stiffens, then leaves Herr Gimmlevogut's office. Then re-enters with purpose.)*

**RICHART**

*(Softly and inspirationally)*

HOW COULD YOU, HOW COULD YOU WITHHOLD  
THAT WHICH YOU ALONE, YOU ALONE CAN GIVE?  
WHY NOT GRANT UNTO THE BND  
A COUP OF VAST DIMENSIONS?  
PUT US ON, PUT US ON THE MAP -  
WHO KNOWS,  
THEY MIGHT INCREASE OUR PENSIONS.  
LET ME RUN WITH CURVEBALL -  
DISREGARD YOUR APPREHENSIONS.

WHOA OH OH OH  
YOU'D BE THE PRIDE OF BERLIN.  
WHOA OH OH OH  
DEUTSCHLAND DESERVES A WIN.

**RICHART, HERR GIMMLEVOGUT**

WHOA OH OH OH

**HERR GIMMLEVOGUT**

*(Soulfully, looking out)*

AND MAYBE I DESERVE IT TOO.

*(Whispered)*

I'LL SHOW YOU, PAPA.

**RICHART**

MAYBE YOU DESERVE IT TOO.

**HERR GIMMLEVOGUT**

Ja. We will let him stay for further questioning.

*(RICHART fist pumps. HERR GIMMLEVOGUT reaches into his desk drawer and brings out a small chest.)*

But remember: defectors defect because they are defective, detective. Which means we must absolutely substantiate his claims.

*(HERR GIMMLEVOGUT opens the chest, which glows from within. RICHART gasps.)*

**RICHART**

A series of numbers.

**HERR GIMMLEVOGUT**

*(Mysteriously)*

Fax numbers. For the CIA. We have no experts in bio warfare. They have das best.

*(RICHART pulls out a slip of paper with a fax number written on it.)*

**HERR GIMMLEVOGUT (CONT'D)**

We send them summaries of your sessions with Curveball. In exchange, they tell us if the Curveball shoots straight. But! The Americans must never meet him in person.

**RICHART**

Why?

**HERR GIMMLEVOGUT**

Because they will steal him! Like they stole Nationalism. And Hasselhoff! Write the CIA. Ask for help. The CIA is the pinnacle of professionalism.

**ENTIRE CAST**

Welcome to the CIA!

*(Lights down on RICHART and HERR GIMMLEVOGUT and up on BERRY and JERRY in the CIA Analysis Room. THEY are bored out of their minds, and feeling like they might have to Beastie Boys rap about it.)*

**BERRY**

*(Rapping)*  
YO, JERRY.

**JERRY**

*(Rapping)*  
YO, BERRY.

**BERRY**

MAN, IT BLOWS IN

**BOTH**

THREAT ANALYSIS!

**BERRY**

SO BORED I  
TELL YA LORD I  
THINK I'M VERGIN' ON

**BOTH**

PARALYSIS!

**BERRY**

ALL STATIC  
BUREAUCRATIC  
S'LIKE MY BRAIN IS GROWIN'

**BOTH**

CALLUSES!

**BERRY**

ALL FIDDLIN'  
AND PIDDLIN'  
HEY, WE'RE 'RORA

**BOTH**

BOREALISES!

**BERRY**

NOT ZEROES  
BUT HEROES

OF YOUR BOSTON'S AND YOUR

**BOTH**

DALLAS'S!

**BERRY**

UNENDIN' LY  
DEFENDIN'  
YOUR HUMBLE HOMES AND

**BOTH**

PALACES!

**BERRY**

I'M BERRY  
I'M STOKED TO  
SAVE THE WORLD WITH

**BOTH**

MY ANALYSIS!

**BERRY**

KEEP HOLDIN' ME BACK,  
I'LL BE SHOWIN' YOU  
WHAT MALICE IS.

**BOTH**

WE WANNA STAND

**BOTH, ENSEMBLE**

TALL

**BOTH**

BUT THEY'RE GIVIN' US

**BOTH, ENSEMBLE**

SQUAT!

**BOTH**

WE NEED TO

**BOTH, ENSEMBLE**

LET LOOSE

**BOTH**

BUT WE'RE TIED IN A

**BOTH, ENSEMBLE**

KNOT!

**BOTH**

THEY KEEP THROWIN' US

**BOTH, ENSEMBLE**

SCRAPS

**BOTH**

YO, BUT HERE'S THE

**BOTH, ENSEMBLE**

HITCH:

**BOTH**

BERRY AND THE BAD BOY  
GONNA MAKE IT OUR BITCH.

**BOTH**

THEY CAN MAKE IT SEEM

**BOTH, ENSEMBLE**

POINTLESS

**BOTH**

BUT THEY CAN'T

**BOTH, ENSEMBLE**

DESTROY

**BOTH**

THE BAD BOY AND BERRY  
THAT'S BERRY AND THE BAD BOY.

**JERRY**

I'M SO BAD I  
WEAR A CLIP-ON TIE.  
I'M SO BAD I KNOW  
MY BRONZE-AGE BATTLE AXES.

I'M SO BAD I GOT  
A STACK OF POGS THREE FEET HIGH.  
I'M SO BAD I GOT  
A BEEPER FOR MY FAXES.

*(Two State Department officials, DEE and DUM, enter. THEY are unintentionally goofy - Keystone Cops type characters. THEY address BERRY and JERRY.)*

**DEE**

Knock knock.

**DUM**

Who's there?

**DEE, DUM**

*(Showing credentials)*

State Department.

**DEE**

Wondering if we could borrow a moment of your time.

**DUM**

We're lookin' for leads, ya see, items of interest...

**DEE**

Items of particular interest to the new administration ergo the...

**DEE, DUM**

*(Showing credentials)*

State Department.

**DUM**

And brave agents who don't mind sharing with friends...

**BERRY**

State Department? Jerry, that's the big leagues...

**DUM**

*(To DEE)*

Did you say something about Saddam Hussein?

**DEE**

*(To DUM)*

I did not, did you say something about Saddam Hussein?

**DUM**

I most certainly did *not* say something about Saddam Hussein.

**DEE, DUM**

*(To BERRY and JERRY)*

Did you?

*(THEY look at JERRY and BERRY expectantly.  
Beat.)*

**JERRY**

*(Whispered to BERRY)*

What's happening?

**DEE**

Well if you do hear something, anything, you know who to call.

**DUM**

But don't call us.

**DEE, DUM**

*(Whispered cryptically)*

Cuz we were never here.

*(THEY exit in a flourish. The fax machine beeps.)*

**JERRY**

FAX MACHINE.

**ALL**

BOOM.

*(BERRY and JERRY go to read the fax. As they do, lights up on RICHART, back briefly in time, typing the message they're reading.)*

**RICHART**

Dear the CIA. It's me, Richart.

WE HAVE A NEW SOURCE IN GERMANY  
CODENAMED CURVEBALL,  
AND I WAS WONDERING  
IF YOU COULD HELP  
WITH SOME VERIFICATION.

Here's what I know so far:

THE SUBJECT MALE IRAQI  
SAYS HE RIGGED UP MOBILE LABS  
TO SPAWN HELLACIOUS GERMS  
AND THEN REFINE 'EM.



THEY'VE GOT WEIRD NAMES  
BUT I'LL LEARN MORE  
ABOUT THEM IF HE BLABS,  
LIKE ANTHRAX AND  
CLOSTRID-YUM BOTULINUM?  
Help me, the CIA. You're my only hope.

*(Lights down on RICHART. BERRY and JERRY gape  
at each other. Did this really just come across  
their desks? Score!)*

**ALL**

*(To the audience)*

How Berry and Jerry started the Iraq War.

**JERRY**

YO, BERRY?

**BERRY**

YO, JERRY?

**JERRY**

COULD THIS END OUR LONG  
FUTILITY?

**BERRY**

SUH-WEET  
IT'S OUR RED MEAT  
HE'S GOT A WEAPONS LAB  
FACILITY.

**JERRY**

WELL PIZZLE  
TO MY NIZZLE  
SAYS HIS LABS'VE GOT  
MOBILITY.

**BERRY**

THAT'S GOT TO  
DO A LOT TO  
JACK UP UNCLE SAM'S  
HOSTILITY.

PROVOKING  
BUT NO JOKING  
THIS IS NO TIME FOR

HUMILITY.

**ENSEMBLE**

ANALYZE THAT, BERRY:

**BERRY**

IF IT'S TRUE SADDAM  
HAS FOUND A WAY TO AMASS  
ANTHRAX, BOTULISM, AFLATOXIN,  
MUSTARD GAS,

AND DELIVERED BY BALLISTICS?

**BERRY, JERRY**

DAMN, SON.

**BERRY**

HE'D MAKE MUNICIPALITIES  
MUNICI-FATALITIES.  
LEGALITIES? SCREW 'EM.  
LET'S ALL FACE THE REALITIES.  
FEEVAH, DIARRHEA, SEE YA, THEY ID YA,  
THEN DECREE YA DEAD.  
THOUSANDS.  
WE CAN'T LET IT STAND.

**ENSEMBLE**

SO WHATCHA GONNA DO ABOUT IT?

**BERRY**

FLAME ON  
IT'S GAME ON  
TIME TO END THE

**BOTH**

IMBECILITY!

**JERRY**

LEVEL 'N BEDEVIL HIM  
WITH DAZZLE-ING

**BOTH**

AGILITY.

**BERRY**

I'M BERRY  
I'M SCARY

TIME TO END MY LONG

**BOTH**

FUTILITY!

**BERRY**

HEY HUSSEIN,  
SAY BUH-BYE TO YOUR TRANQUILITY.

**BOTH**

THEY HAD OUR VOICE ON

**BOTH, ENSEMBLE**

MUTE

**BOTH**

THIS IS MAKIN' IT

**BOTH, ENSEMBLE**

SING!

**BOTH**

MADE OUR PULSE RATE

**BOTH, ENSEMBLE**

FLATLINE

**BOTH**

THIS IS GIVIN' IT

**BOTH, ENSEMBLE**

ZING!

**BOTH**

KEPT OUR NETHERPARTS

**BOTH, ENSEMBLE**

NUMB

**BOTH**

NOW THEY'RE STARTIN' TO

**BOTH, ENSEMBLE**

TWITCH!

**BOTH**

BERRY AND THE BAD BOY

GONNA MAKE IT OUR...

**ALL**

SADDAM AIN'T GOT NO CONSCIENCE!

**BOTH**

HE DON'T FEEL

**BOTH, ENSEMBLE**

REGRET!

**BOTH**

BUT HE GOT DEATH ON

**BOTH, ENSEMBLE**

WHEELS!

**BERRY**

YO, I'VE ANALYZED THAT THREAT!

**BOTH**

HE WON'T WAIT

**BOTH, ENSEMBLE**

FOR US

**BOTH**

WE WON'T WAIT TO

**BOTH, ENSEMBLE**

DEPLOY

**BOTH**

THE BAD BOY AND BERRY  
THAT'S BERRY AND THE BAD BOY.

BERRY AND THE BAD BOY  
GONNA MAKE IT...

**ENSEMBLE**

WHAT?

**BOTH**

MAKE IT...

**ENSEMBLE**

WHAT?

**BOTH**

MAKE IT OUR...

**ENSEMBLE**

MAKE IT OUR...

**ALL**

MAKE IT OUR BITCH!

*(Button. We're back in the SUPPORT GROUP.)*

**LEADER**

Speaking of the "bad boy," why isn't your little sidekick here in group today?

**BERRY**

Oh, he would've loved to be here, but unfortunately he's dead.

*(Awkward beat)*

Anyway, Jerry and I were analysts in Counterterrorism, and before we could elevate Curveball to the State Department, we needed a sign off from this guy in Operations, a guy whose job apparently was to shut down every lead I brought to him and just generally suck the life-force out of any room like an industrial ass-vacuum. Yeah, that was his job. And he was good at it.

*(JERRY and BERRY in NELSON's office.)*

**NELSON**

*(Smug pitter patter)*

YOU SHOULDN'T GO TO STATE DEPARTMENT,  
THAT'S NOT YOUR DOMAIN.  
YOU GO TO ME,  
I GO TO SOMEONE FURTHER UP THE CHAIN.  
AND IF MY BOSS'S BOSS SHOULD  
CHOOSE TO CALL THEM, THERE YA GO,  
BUT WE BLOW OFF THE SYSTEM,  
THE SYSTEM'S GONNA BLOW.

**BERRY**

Fine, but...

**NELSON**

RULES PROTECT YOU, THEY'RE YOUR GUARD  
SOMETIMES EASY, SOMETIMES HARD,

LET ONE SLIDE, YOU'LL SOON BE SCARRED.  
THE RULES YOU BREAK WILL EXACT THEIR TAKE,  
WE ALL HARVEST WHAT WE SOW.

**BERRY**

*(Handing him the fax)*

Sure, but...

**NELSON**

*(Taking out his glasses)*

IF I OK THIS,  
THAT'S AN IF,  
I HOPE YOU UNDERSTAND...

**BERRY**

*(Begrudgingly)*

Yes.

**NELSON**

IT GOES UP THE HOLY CHAIN  
TO TENET'S SECOND IN COMMAND.

*(From offstage, the voices of HOLY SINGERS)*

**HOLY SINGERS (OFFSTAGE)**

OHHHHHH PRAISE HIM

**NELSON**

AND IF *HE* SIGNS OFF,  
THE SYSTEM WORKED,  
AND KIDDO, YOU'RE IN LUCK.  
BUT TREAT THE SYSTEM SUCKY,  
THEN THE SYSTEM'S GONNA SUCK.

*(The rest of the ENSEMBLE enters to accompany  
NELSON.)*

**NELSON AND ENSEMBLE**

EV'RY RULE PLAYS ITS OWN ROLE,  
EV'RY PART HOLDS UP THE WHOLE,  
LEAVE ONE OUT,  
YOU LOSE CONTROL.

THE RULES YOU BREAK  
WILL EXACT THEIR TAKE  
WE ALL HARVEST WHAT WE SOW.

*(NELSON takes a deep breath, then skims the report. At first, HE seems impressed.)*

**NELSON (CONT'D)**

Interesting.

*(HE keeps reading, seems more impressed.)*

This is interesting. It's interesting.

*(HE finishes reading, seems really pleased.)*

And *this* is very, very... interesting.

**BERRY**

So can we bring it to the State Department?

**NELSON**

Certainly. But first you have to bring me:

EXPERT CONSULTATIONS,  
VERIFICATIONS,  
CORROBORATION COMPILATIONS:  
THAT MEANS OTHER SOURCES,  
THREE OR FOUR  
SAYS HERE THERE'S GERM TRUCKS?

LET'S GET SPECS.  
BACKGROUND CHECKS.  
HOW 'BOUT PICS?  
AT LEAST SIX,  
NO QUICK FIX.

**BERRY**

*IF* IT'S TRUE,  
WE CAN'T JUST SIT STIFF.

**NELSON**

EXACTLY, BERRY, *IF*.

*(Handing the files back to Berry)*

COME BACK WHEN YOU HAVE IT ALL,  
WHO KNOWS,  
YOU MIGHT PREVAIL.  
BUT FAIL THE SYSTEM  
AND THE SYSTEM'S BOUND TO FAIL.  
OH!

**NELSON AND ENSEMBLE**

RULES ARE NOT TO PICK AND CHOOSE  
WHICH TO KEEP AND WHICH TO LOSE,  
WHICH ONES "HEY, WHY NOT ABUSE."

**NELSON**

I want you to see our expert - Marty Bouchard. He and I  
have had our little tiffs, but for this bio-weapons  
business there's really no one else. Just remind him of  
one thing when you see him...

**BERRY**

Lemme guess: the rules...

**NELSON**

*(Interrupting)*  
THE RULES YOU BREAK  
WILL EXACT THEIR TAKE

**ENSEMBLE**

THE RULES YOU BREAK  
WILL EXACT THEIR TAKE

**NELSON AND ENSEMBLE**

THE RULES YOU BREAK  
WILL EXACT THEIR TAKE  
WE ALL HARVEST WHAT WE SOW!

**NELSON**

TALK TO MARTY  
AND THEN COME BACK.  
OR DON'T.  
NOW...

**NELSON AND ENSEMBLE**

*(Pointing them out the door.)*  
GET OUT!!!

*(Button. BERRY and JERRY are now in MARTIN's  
office.)*

**BERRY**

WE HAVE AN OPPORTUNITY.

**MARTIN**

What?



**BERRY**

A SOURCE THAT NEEDS A LITTLE EXPERT VERIFICATION  
(No response)  
GERMS.

**MARTIN**

THAT'S MY THING.

**BERRY**

SURE, YOU DA KING.

DIGGIN' THE NAME BY THE WAY:

**BERRY AND ALL**

(Overly French-ifying)  
Bouchard.

**MARTIN**

THANKS. IT'S FRENCH FOR COURAGE.

**JERRY**

Big mouth.

(The music stops abruptly)

**MARTIN**

Excuse me?

**JERRY**

Bouchard is French for "big mouth."

**MARTIN**

You can say it means "big mouth," I'll say it means  
"courage."

**JERRY**

I would, but that's not really how truth works.  
(Points to himself)  
Bad boy.

(Music kicks back in)

**BERRY**

JERRY'S ON TRANSLATIONS.

**JERRY**

TRANSLATION: I'M A THUG.

**MARTIN**

What does "Jerry" mean?

*(Music out abruptly)*

**BERRY**

Nothing.

**JERRY**

*(Simultaneous with above)*

Holy spear warrior.

**BERRY**

Okay thanks, Jer. Just... okay.

*(Music kicks back in)*

SO WE HAVE AN OPPORTUNITY.

**MARTIN**

A NEW SOURCE, EH? SPILL IT.

**BERRY**

OH, WE WILL. IT'S JUST BEFORE WE DO:

*(Spooky music)*

We wanted to let you know that we know about the... well... we know.

**MARTIN**

You know what?

**BERRY**

*(Knowingly)*

You know.

**MARTIN**

[Chord] About the Compendium they forbade me to publish on the web? [Chord] About how when I *did* publish it, they stuck me down here [Chord] on probation [Chord] in Basement 2 because of their stupid rules? Yeah, well...

**BERRY, JERRY**

Well?

**MARTIN**

Well,

RULES ARE THERE SOMETIMES TO BEND  
WHEN THE TRUTH COULD MEAN OUR END  
THANK YOUR STARS THAT I CLICKED "SEND."  
You've read my compendium I presume?

**BERRY**

Why read it when I've got the guy who wrote it?  
SO JUST READ *THIS*.  
IT'S SHORT, IT AIN'T CHEKHOV  
THEN CHECK-OFF THAT IT CHECKS OUT.  
AND WHOOSH, WE'RE PAST THE GATE-KEEPER  
GIVE IT HELL, SON.

**JERRY**

TRANSLATION:  
BY "GATEKEEPER" SHE MEANS TYLER NELSON.

**BERRY**

NO.

**MARTIN**

NELSON? NO, NO.

**BERRY**

NO, IT'S NOT A PROBLEM,  
*(Pre-empting a Jerry outburst)*  
JERRY, PLEASE,

WE HAVE AN OPPORTUNITY.  
AN OPPORTUNITY TO WORK AS ONE,  
MAKE A DIFFERENCE.  
I'LL HANDLE NELSON,  
HEY - IF YOU DON'T WANT IT, MAN,  
WE'LL GET SOMEONE ELSE.

**MARTIN**

WHO? I'M THE EXPERT IN THE BUILDING.

**BERRY**

BARELY. YOU'RE IN BASEMENT TWO.

THE THREE OF US TOGETHER, MAN,  
NELSON CAN'T FREEZE US.

**JERRY**

TRANSLATION:

**BERRY**

JERRY, STICK TO REAL TRANSLATIONS,  
I MEAN JESUS!  
This is why I can't take you nice places.

**ENSEMBLE**

BEEP!

**JERRY**

Fax machine.

**BERRY**

I'll get it.  
*(She storms out)*

**JERRY**

*(To MARTIN)*  
She's just dying for a big case - doesn't get what's  
taking so long. Between you and me, I think it's because  
people find her abrasive.

**MARTIN**

*(Faux shocked)*  
No.

**JERRY**

*(Not picking up on Martin's tone)*  
Yeah. She says she keeps me around cuz I'm always right,  
like her walking talking encyclopedia. Which isn't  
technically accurate, because she gets a new encyclopedia  
every year whereas, I mean, I'm always at her side.

**MARTIN**

Jerry and Berry. Has a nice ring to it.

**JERRY**

I think about that a lot.

*(JERRY hands him the fax from Richart, exits.  
MARTIN reads to himself.)*

**MARTIN**

"Dear the CIA it's me Richart. We have a new source in"  
[He speeds mumbling through the rest of it.]  
*(MARTIN gasps. Pin-spot on MARTIN.)*

**MARTIN (CONT'D)**

*(Dreamily)*

Clostridium Botulinum. Clostridium Botulinum...  
THE MOST BEAUTIFUL SOUND,  
THE MOST GLORIOUS TERM...  
CLOSTRIDIUM BOTULINUM!

ALL THE BEAUTIFUL SOUNDS IN THE WORLD  
IN A SINGLE GERM...  
CLOSTRIDIUM BOTULI...NUM...

*(Exit MARTIN. CURVEBALL and RICHART are in the  
interrogation room.)*

**RICHART**

My nanny spoke Arabic growing up. That's how I know it.  
She's from Iraq too. Or one of those.

**CURVEBALL**

In Baghdad, my wife had a garden. Hydrangeas. They grew  
in a patch of land next to the trash compost.

**RICHART**

Made the flowers ugly?

**CURVEBALL**

Made the trash compost beautiful.

*(Beat)*

**RICHART**

Ever think of yourself as a hydrangea in a sea of trash  
composts?

**CURVEBALL**

I would like to think of myself as a hydrangea in the  
Volkswagen you guys just bought me.

**RICHART**

Treat me right and you'll be a hydrangea in a Mercedes.

**BERRY**

*(To the SUPPORT GROUP)*

The deal with Germany was that Richart would produce  
these write-ups called...

*(RICHART is writing.)*

**BERRY, RICHART**

...the Hydrangea Reports...

**BERRY**

...which were sent to the CIA where Grandpa checked...

*(MARTIN opens a file.)*

**BERRY, MARTIN**

...the Hydrangea Reports...

**BERRY**

...against his data, this dependent on an accurate German to English translation of, lo and behold, the...

*(Enter JERRY.)*

**JERRY**

...the Hydrangea Reports...

**BERRY**

...by Jerry. In return, Grandpa would tell Jerry to tell Richart whether the intel checked out. And all of this after Richart had translated Curveball's statements from Arabic in the first place. So. What could go wrong?

**RICHART, JERRY**

"Hydrangea, 1st report. August 2nd, 2001."

**RICHART**

WE HAVE FOUND THE SUBJECT  
RATHER FIDGETY BUT CLEAR,  
I'LL OF COURSE CONTINUE  
TO APPRAISE HIM.

**JERRY**

Curveball's talking.

**RICHART**

WE HAVE FURTHER LEARNED  
HE WAS A SENIOR ENGINEER -  
HE'LL SQUEAL SO LONG AS  
BND PAYS HIM.

**JERRY**

He's on their payroll.

**RICHART AND ENSEMBLE**

OOOOH HYDRANGEA  
OOOOH HYDRANGEA

**RICHART**

He speaks of his occupation.

*(Lights up on CURVEBALL.)*

**CURVEBALL**

I WENT TO WORK FOR CEDC -  
WE DESIGNED MACHINES FOR FARMERS  
THAT WOULD HELP THEIR CROPS  
TO FIGHT OFF FUNGUS AND THRIVE.

THEN THEY MOVED ME TO A SECRET TEAM  
TO DESIGN A MOBILE SYSTEM  
THAT MADE TOXIC GERMS  
NO ONE COULD SURVIVE.

I THOUGHT 'PLEASE NO!'  
BUT I DARE NOT SAY "NO."

SO THERE, THAT'S AN OVERVIEW -  
I'LL SPILL  
MORE BEANS THAN YOU COULD MUNCH ON.  
IF THEY FIND OUT,  
NO WAY I STAY ALIVE.

*(Holds up car keys)*

DOES THIS HAVE FOUR WHEEL DRIVE?

**MARTIN**

I knew about the mobile system, that's in my Compendium.  
Hydrangea "1" checks out.

**JERRY**

*(To RICHART)*

"1" checks out.

**RICHART**

*(Yelling to Herr Gimmlevogut)*

"1" checks out!

**RICHART, JERRY**

Hydrangea. 3rd report. August 6th.

**RICHART**

TO THIS POINT THE SUBJECT  
TELLS A DARK FOREBODING TALE -  
DOESN'T SEEM CONCERNED  
IF WE RESPECT HIM.

**JERRY**

*(No big deal)*

He's an asshole.

**BERRY**

Cool.

**RICHART**

HE RECOUNTS HIS EFFORTS  
IN SUCH INTRICATE DETAIL,  
WE WOULD SURE BE FOOLS  
IF WE NEGLECT HIM.

**JERRY**

But he's talking.

**BERRY**

Cooler.

**RICHART, ENSEMBLE**

OOOOH HYDRANGEA  
OOOOH HYDRANGEA

**RICHART**

He speaks of his schematics.

**CURVEBALL**

*(With pointer in front of elaborate drawings on  
white board)*

MY GRAND DESIGN CALLED FOR  
THREE BIG RIGS -  
THE FIRST ONE HELD FERMENTERS  
TO TURN THE FRESH INOCULUM  
INTO A PASTE.

THE SECOND  
CARRIED THE MIXING TANKS,  
WHICH IS WHERE WE'D PREP THE SLURRY.  
THE THIRD WAS WHERE  
WE PRIMED IT TO LAY WASTE.



AND I THOUGHT 'PLEASE NO!'  
BUT I DARE NOT SAY "NO."

SO THERE, THAT'S THE GIST OF IT  
AND I KNOW IT  
SURE AIN'T PRETTY.  
IF THEY FIND OUT, MY NAME  
WILL BE DISGRACED.  
*(Holds up a beer)*  
WANNA GET WASTEY-FACED?

**MARTIN**

I predicted the three-rig system, you'd have to separate  
the chemical processes for safety, I wrote this!  
Hydrangea "3" checks out!

**JERRY**

*(To RICHART)*  
"3" checks out.

**RICHART**

*(To HERR GIMMLEVOGUT)*  
"3" checks out!

*(Lights back on RICHART, drinking a beer and  
typing.)*

**RICHART**

Hydrangea. 8th report. September 1st, 2001.  
NOW AND THEN THE SUBJECT  
CAN BE CRANKY AND UNCOOUTH -  
WITH ALL THIS PRESSURE ON HIM  
WHO COULD BLAME HIM?

*(BERRY, JERRY and MARTIN are reading the  
Hydrangea Report in Martin's office.)*

**JERRY**

*(Still no big deal)*  
He's still an asshole.

**RICHART**

HE HAS QUIRKS,  
BUT DON'T WE ALL?  
WE CAN'T DENY THE TRUTH.  
WHY WOULD THAT BE  
REASON TO DISCLAIM HIM?

**JERRY**

They still don't care.

**BERRY**

Nice!

**RICHART**

He speaks of an accident he witnessed. A germ spill.

*(Lights up on CURVEBALL.)*

**CURVEBALL**

*(Softly)*

THEN ONE DAY  
THINGS ALL WENT WRONG.  
POISONED AIR,  
WE HAD TO CRAWL...  
COMRADES DYING -  
SAY "SO LONG."  
TWELVE OF MY DEAR FRIENDS IN ALL...  
CAN'T RUN OFF NOW -  
MUST STAY STRONG.  
THAT'S IT,  
THAT'S WHAT I RECALL.

THE SHIT YOU DO  
WILL CATCH UP TO YOU -  
WE ALL HARVEST WHAT WE SOW.

*(RICHART lays his hand on CURVEBALL'S shoulder.  
Lights down on CURVEBALL.)*

**RICHART**

SEEMS THERE'S NOT A SINGLE THING  
HE'S TRYING TO CONCEAL,  
THE SETBACK HE DESCRIBES  
IS QUITE CONVINCING.  
YOU CAN FEEL THE TOLL IT TOOK  
TO WEATHER THIS ORDEAL -  
THE MORE HE TELLS,  
THE MORE IT LEAVES ME WINCING.

**RICHART, ENSEMBLE**

OOOOH HYDRANGEA  
OOOOH HYDRANGEA

**RICHART**

I'd say he's a perfect source...

**JERRY**

He'd say he's a perfect source...

**RICHART**

If we could *prove* his credibility.

**JERRY**

If we could *prove* his reliability.

*(Quickly to himself)*

Oops.

**BERRY**

*(Pausing the action, speaking to the SUPPORT GROUP)*

See what happened there?

**RICHART**

Prove his credibility.

**JERRY**

Prove his reliability.

*(Quickly to himself)*

Oops.

**BERRY**

*(To the SUPPORT GROUP)*

In spy-world, "credibility" and "reliability" are *not* the same thing. "Credibility" is talking about *character* - is he a trustworthy person - the Germans hadn't made that call yet. "Reliability" is talking about the *accuracy of the information*. Is it true? Does it check out?

Regardless of the source.

*(Back with JERRY and MARTIN)*

Prove his reliability? Shit, I'll prove it right now. Grandpa, are we reliable?

**MARTIN**

These reports validate almost every theory I've accumulated over the past decade, down to an astonishing level of detail.

*(A momentous thing)*

He's a perfect source.

**BERRY**

A perfect source.

**MARTIN**

A perfect source.

*(BERRY and MARTIN hug.)*

**BERRY**

Jerry?

**JERRY**

*(Moving in for a group hug, but he's too late)*

Yeah?

**BERRY**

Tell Germany.

**JERRY**

*(Heading back to his desk)*

Yeah.

**BERRY**

A perfect source!!!

**JERRY**

I mean, wait.

**BERRY**

*(To JERRY)*

See, *this* is why I keep you around, Jer. My walking talking encyclopedia, flawless to a fault! Now, tell those cuddly little Germans and let us rejoice!

**JERRY**

Wait!

**BERRY**

*(Somewhat angrily)*

What?! What is it, Jerry?!

*(JERRY is frozen.)*

**BERRY (CONT'D)**

Is there something you wanna say? Cuz now's the time.

*(Beat)*

**JERRY**

Just... I'm very happy for you.

**BERRY**

*(To the SUPPORT GROUP)*

Not my fault. By taking his word I was doing my job. Not. My fault.

**MARTIN**

*(To JERRY)*

"8" checks out.

**JERRY**

*(To RICHART)*

"8" checks out.

**RICHART**

*(To HERR GIMMLEVOGUT)*

"8" checks out.

**HERR GIMMLEVOGUT**

I believed in us all along! Viva la Deutschland!

**RICHART**

Is the CIA saying he's credible? They've never even met Curveball.

**HERR GIMMLEVOGUT**

Never question the Americans.

**RICHART**

You told me to always question Americans.

**HERR GIMMLEVOGUT**

Not when they say something convenient! Curveball is a star! We must make him a full citizen so no one can steal him away. You will be his full-time handler, and I will be das man who put BND on the map! Is that enough for you, Papa?! Did your little kartoffelpuffer make you proud?!?!

**BERRY**

*(To JERRY and MARTIN)*

Let's shoot for a mano-a-mano with Nelson early next week.

*(JERRY and MARTIN get to work.)*

**BERRY (CONT'D)**

Oo, Company Man... Wait till I bounce this one off your spreadsheets.

*(To herself, increasingly triumphant)*

COULD IT BE, COULD IT BE AT LAST,  
THAT I GOT WHAT I, GOT WHAT I DESERVE,  
NOW I'LL GET WHAT I, GET WHAT I DESERVE.  
YEAH, WE'LL ALL GET WHAT WE...

*(Lights on JERRY who sings softly.)*

**JERRY**

LIKE, NOBODY DIED -  
I JUST LET ONE WORD SLIDE,  
WE'RE NOT BANNED TO HELL,  
I JUST LET ONE WORD SLIDE.

AND I CAN'T LET ONE SLIP  
TURN HER CHANCES TO ZIP.  
SHE DESERVES THIS.

AND MAYBE I DESERVE IT TOO.

Maybe everything is cool now. Wonder what the news has to say:

*(JERRY turns on the television, NEW REPORTER appears.)*

**NEWS REPORTER**

This just in: everything is cool now. Yes, it's September 9<sup>th</sup>, 2001, and things are downright super. Berry is building a strong case for Nelson, Curveball has his political asylum and Richart has a friend in Curveball. Yes, it's September 9<sup>th</sup>, 2001, and everything is, and should continue to be, super cool.

*(CURVEBALL and RICHART in interrogation.)*

**CURVEBALL**

Have you been to Fur-lin? It is Berlin strip club where women are dressed as furry animals.

**RICHART**

Nah.

**CURVEBALL**

I will take you so you can meet Anke. She is a Labrador.

**RICHART**

Don't you have, like, a wife?

**CURVEBALL**

Can I tell you a story time?

**RICHART**

Yeah.

**CURVEBALL**

I met this set of tatas once.

**RICHART**

*(Giggles)*

Yeah.

**CURVEBALL**

Back when I was a junior engineer in the Biological Weapons Program.

**RICHART**

Senior, but yeah.

**CURVEBALL**

What?

**RICHART**

You just said you were a junior engineer.

**CURVEBALL**

I was.

**RICHART**

The last few weeks you've been telling me you were a senior engineer.

*(Beat)*

**CURVEBALL**

I meant senior.

**RICHART**

Okay.

*(Beat)*

Cuz I just wanna make sure we got the story straight.

**CURVEBALL**

*(Unexpectedly hostile)*

You make me repeat myself over and over again!

**RICHART**

Whoa, it's fine. It's fine. Just which is it?

*(Beat)*

**CURVEBALL**

Senior.

**RICHART**

Okay.

**CURVEBALL**

Eventually.

*(Beat)*

**RICHART**

Do I need to write this up?

**CURVEBALL**

No.

*(Shifting tactics to buddy-buddy)*

Listen, my brother man. I am sorry. I get confused sometimes. I repeat myself over and over, you understand.

**RICHART**

Okay...

**CURVEBALL**

Tuesday let us go to Furlin. Get the government to pay.

**RICHART**

And get my arsch fired.

**CURVEBALL**

Only if they find out.

*(Off Richart's hesitance)*

I will introduce you to Anke.

*(Extends his hand)*

But no writing.



*(RICHART hesitates, then takes CURVEBALL'S hand.)*

**RICHART**

No writing.

*(CURVEBALL slaps RICHART on the back, then exits. RICHART stares nervously at his computer, then off to where Curveball exited, then sits down at his computer and begins to type. In the CIA, JERRY reads along.)*

**RICHART, JERRY**

Hydrangea. Supplemental Report. September 9th, 2001.

**RICHART**

NOT A BIGGIE, BUT A POINT  
I THOUGHT I'D PASS ALONG -  
HE SEEMS A BIT UNSURE  
JUST WHAT HIS ROLE WAS.  
CAN'T SEE HOW IT MATTERS,  
HEY, WHO DOESN'T GET THINGS WRONG?  
HE CERTAINLY SEEMS SURE  
JUST WHAT HIS GOAL WAS.

*(Lights down on RICHART. JERRY is with MARTIN in Analysis. Music continues.)*

**MARTIN**

DO WE HAVE AN OPPORTUNITY?

**JERRY**

No.

*(The music cuts off)*

**MARTIN**

What is it?

**JERRY**

Please tell me Berry's not already meeting with Nelson.

**MARTIN**

Why, isn't she supposed to be?

*(JERRY sits at his computer and hurriedly types up a translation.)*

**MARTIN (CONT'D)**

Writing up a translation?

*(JERRY doesn't respond as he continues to work.  
Beat.)*

**MARTIN (CONT'D)**

Do you call your father to wish him happy birthday?

**JERRY**

No.

**MARTIN**

Ah.

**JERRY**

I just walk up to the kitchen and tell him to his face.

**MARTIN**

That makes sense.

*(Beat while JERRY works, MARTIN sighs loudly.  
JERRY looks up at him.)*

Oh, nothing. It's just that it was my birthday last week and I'm waiting to hear from my daughter.

*(JERRY doesn't respond.)*

**MARTIN (CONT'D)**

Last time I heard from her was October.

**JERRY**

Hmm.

**MARTIN**

October '92, just to welcome me back from Iraq. Then we ended up fighting about something - I don't remember what. She was terrible. She was terrible to me.

*(Awkward beat)*

**JERRY**

Okay, good luck with that.

*(JERRY exits swiftly. Lights down on MARTIN, we are with BERRY and NELSON in Nelson's Office: BERRY is watching NELSON pour over her Curveball presentation.)*

**NELSON**

*(Reading)*

Strong.

*(HE continues reading.)*

This is strong. It's strong.

*(HE flips to the next page, gives it a good read.)*

And this is very, very... interesting.

*(JERRY barges in, hands file to Berry.)*

**JERRY**

New Hydrangea Report.

**BERRY**

*(Get the hell out of here)*

Oh. Hey, Jerry! What a surprise to see you here!

**JERRY**

I debated whether to bring it.

**BERRY**

*(Dude. Leave.)*

Okay, well, great! Thanks!

**JERRY**

Don't thank me yet.

*(BERRY shoots him a confused expression, then quickly scans the report while JERRY tries to distract NELSON.)*

**JERRY (CONT'D)**

Mr. Nelson, what type of rock did you grow up on?

**NELSON**

*(Genuinely confused)*

Type of rock?

*(JERRY nods.)*

**NELSON (CONT'D)**

Um... I didn't. Heavy metal, I guess? What are you asking?

**JERRY**

*(Stalling for time)*

Metal isn't rock, regardless of the weight. There are three fundamental types of rock: sedimentary, metamorphic and igneous...

**NELSON**

*(Interrupting)*

Jerry, we're kind of doing something.

**JERRY**

Yup.

*(JERRY exits, giving BERRY a final backward glance. SHE has finished reading the report, and it's not good.)*

**BERRY**

*(Whispered frantically to Jerry)*

He wasn't sure what his role was?!? We can't...

**NELSON**

*(Snatching the new Hydrangea Report out of her hands)*

I'll take that.

*(BERRY desperately searches her mind for a way to distract him.)*

**NELSON (CONT'D)**

Assuming it's as strong as the rest we'll be passing this up the chain in no time...

**BERRY**

Hey, I wanted to let you know that I know.

**NELSON**

You know what?

**BERRY**

*(Knowingly)*

You know.

*(NELSON is silent.)*

Shit. Sometimes I just say that to people and they tell me their secrets. I just say "I want you to know that I know," they start talking. Mostly it works.

**NELSON**

*(Going back to the report)*

Okay.

**BERRY**

Cuz I don't know a thing about you.

**NELSON**

*(Going back to the report)*

Okay. Just let me...

**BERRY**

*(Sigh)*

Come on, Company Man, why you always be crampin' my style?

**NELSON**

*(Genuinely offended)*

I don't be crampin'.

**BERRY**

Every conversation starter: shut down. Every lead I bring you: shut down. And *here*, no matter what, you're just gonna shut me down again, right?! Am I right?! You're gonna send me packing back to my old job, back to tracking aliens next to the paper shredder!

**NELSON**

Are there aliens?

**BERRY**

Of course there aren't fucking aliens, that's how inconsequential I was! But here, I can make a difference, if you'll let me. Here I can save lives, countless lives, if you'll let me.

*(Breath)*

You think I'm like some wildfire that scorches everything it touches. But guess what: I'm awesome. And I'm a patriot. And sometimes you need a wildfire to torch the forest so the sunlight can touch the floor and something richer can grow. Oh yeah, and I'm a motherfuckin' poet! I am full of surprises, Tyler Nelson, I am full of 'em!

*(Beat. A come on, maybe not?)*

And I'd like to show you those surprises. If you'll let me.

*(Longer beat)*

**NELSON**

I'm not sure... I entirely understand what you're saying.

**BERRY**

Then why don't you ask.

*(JERRY appears outside Nelson's office, watching Berry. Soft music begins to play.)*

**JERRY**

*(Softly)*

YOU ARE THE BANJO THAT I'M STRUMMIN'  
THE MERRY TUNE I'M HUMMIN'  
FULL OF GLEE.

YOU ARE THE SYMPHONY THAT SLAYS ME  
MY MELODY THAT STAYS RIGHT IN KEY.  
YOU ARE MUSIC TO ME.

**NELSON**

I don't work out much. And I haven't said the "F word" in ten years.

**BERRY**

Why are you telling me this?

**NELSON**

*(Knowingly)*

Because... I'm full of surprises too.

**BERRY**

Those are the lamest fucking secrets I've ever heard. I got crabs once.

**JERRY**

YOU ARE THE TONE OF MY PIANO  
MY CHORTLE-ING SOPRANO CHICKADEE.  
YOU ARE THE THEME OF MY CANTATA  
MY MASTERFUL SONATA IN G.  
YOU ARE MUSIC TO ME.

**NELSON**

How 'bout this: I say I lost my virginity when I was  
twenty-three, but in real life I was seventeen.

**BERRY**

I'm a Civil War Reenactor.

**NELSON**

For which side?

**BERRY**

Franco.

*(Beat)*

**NELSON**

Wait, are you talking about the Spanish Civil War?

**BERRY**

Why, what are you talking about?

**JERRY**

GRATEFUL TEARS FILL MY EYES  
EVERY TIME WE HARMONIZE.

**BERRY**

*(Out of her element, not used to confiding)*  
On paper... I am a lonely and troubled person.

**NELSON**

But in reality...?

**BERRY**

I'm an analyst. What's on paper is reality.

**JERRY**

YOU ARE THE GUITAR THAT I'M STRUMMIN'  
THE RHYTHM THAT I'M DRUMMIN'  
FULL OF GLEE.  
YOU ARE THE SYMPHONY THAT SWEEPS ME

THE TUNING FORK THAT KEEPS ME IN KEY.

**ENSEMBLE**

YOU ARE MUSIC TO ME -

**JERRY**

CAN'T YOU SEE?

**NELSON**

*(Trying to comfort her)*

What you're doing here could have a significant impact on the world. For the greater good.

**BERRY**

*(Seeing a glimmer of hope)*

Yes. Exactly. And if we turn a blind eye once or twice... it's worth it for the greater good. Right?

**NELSON**

...blind eye?

*(NELSON quickly scans the new Hydrangea Report, growing increasingly agitated as BERRY hangs her head.)*

**NELSON (CONT'D)**

*(Irate)*

Curveball wasn't sure what his *role* was? And you were trying to what? Distract me from this?

*(BERRY stays silent)*

You know why I always "shut you down"? It's because I have convictions and you're motivated by nonsense. Try conviction sometime.

*(BERRY sinks, as NELSON returns the file to her.)*

Come back when you have a consistent story and proof to back it up. Or don't.

*(BERRY bristles, exits Nelson's office, spots JERRY down the hall.)*

**BERRY**

*(Waving JERRY over to her)*

Jerry.



**JERRY**

Yeah.

**BERRY**

*(Softly)*

I've been thinking about you.

**JERRY**

Okay...

**BERRY**

Let's call them. Off the record.

**JERRY**

You mean, let's call the... Why?

**BERRY**

Why? Because we just found our conviction.

*(JERRY nods. The two of them close their eyes and hold hands.)*

**JERRY, BERRY**

*(A middle school incantation)*

State Department. State Department. State Department.

*(A magic chord, and DEE appears.)*

**DEE**

Did somebody summon...

*(Flashing badge)*

...the State Department?

**BERRY**

*(Handing Curveball file to DEE)*

Yeah.

**DEE**

*(Flipping through the file)*

Well... Ain't this a peach.

*(Lights down on them, up on NELSON on the phone.)*

**NELSON**

Is this Fakhir?

*(On the other end of the line, we see an undercover Iraqi agent, FAKHIR.)*

**FAKHIR**

*(Cautiously)*

It's not not Fakhir.

**NELSON**

You still undercover in Baghdad?

**FAKHIR**

*(Cautiously)*

I'm not not undercover in Baghdad.

**NELSON**

Good. I'm curious about something: can you do some background on a guy?

**MUSIC VIDEO GIRLS**

WHO'S YO BAGHDADDY?  
WHO'S YO BAGHDADDY?  
BAGHDADDY NOW?

*(RICHART and CURVEBALL are stylin', ready for a big night on the town.)*

**RICHART**

Alright, Curvie. Fly me to Fur-lin and beyond.

**CURVEBALL**

Hells yes, ninja. We shall fuck this town up!

*(During the following, CURVEBALL and RICHART hit the Berlin clubs hard, music video style.)*

**MUSIC VIDEO GIRLS**

THEY GONNA MAKE THIS WHOLE TOWN BURN

**MALE VOICE**

LOOK OUT LADIES

**MUSIC VIDEO GIRLS**

OH THERE'S REASON FOR CONCERN.  
THEY GONNA PAINT THIS WHOLE TOWN RED

**MALE VOICE**

LOOK OUT LADIES

**MUSIC VIDEO GIRLS**

THERE'S TROUBLE UP AHEAD  
THERE'S TROUBLE UP AHEAD.

**CURVEBALL**

*(Gangsta rap)*

LET ME TELL YOU WHAT IT IS BABY  
I'M YOUR BAGHDADDY  
NOT YOUR CAMEL CABBY  
YOUR JINGO JIHADDY  
I'M YOUR BAD IRAQUI  
BAD EVEN THOUGH  
YOU THINK I'M SHABBY  
THINK I STINK?  
I BET YOU COOK BADLY

NO I DON'T WEAR A TURBAN  
AIN'T NO LOWLIFE VERMIN  
I'M AN URBAN GERMAN  
AND I'LL GET YOU SQUIRMIN'

SO DON'T TALK SMACK TO ME  
TURN YOUR BACK TO ME  
GIVE ME FLACK, YOU SEE  
YOU DON'T MEAN JACK TO ME.  
I'M NOT A BAG LADY  
I'M YOUR BAGHDADDY.

**MUSIC VIDEO GIRLS**

THEY GONNA MAKE THIS WHOLE TOWN BURN

**MALE VOICE**

LOOK OUT LADIES

**MUSIC VIDEO GIRLS**

OH THERE'S REASON FOR CONCERN.  
THEY GONNA PAINT THIS WHOLE TOWN RED

**MALE VOICE**

LOOK OUT LADIES

**MUSIC VIDEO GIRLS**

THERE'S TROUBLE UP AHEAD  
THERE'S TROUBLE UP AHEAD.

*(NELSON's on the phone with FAKHIR.)*

**FAKHIR**

I think you don't not have a serious problem, my friend.  
Intel is still coming in, but it is not not bad. Very not  
not bad.

**NELSON**

What do you mean?

**FAKHIR**

Curveball isn't not who he says he isn't. Nowhere near.

**NELSON**

Hold on, I've got another line.  
*(Lights down on FAKHIR)*

Hello?

*(Pause)*

The State Department? What do *they* want?

*(Lights down on NELSON, back up on RICHART and  
CURVEBALL in the Furlin nightclub.)*

**RICHART**

WHAT IT'S ABOUT  
IS I'M YOUR KRAUT BABY  
WITHOUT A DOUBT BABY  
CHILLIN' OUT  
DRINKIN' STOUT

HERE'S MY FRANKFURTER  
YOU CAN TASTE MY MUSTARD  
I'LL TRY YOUR CUSTARD  
I LIKE MUNCHEN ON IT  
LIKE A MUENSTER-COVERED HAMBURGER

I'M SUPPOSIN'  
I'LL TAKE OFF MY LEDERHOSEN  
MAKE YOU GROWL LIKE A DOG OR  
HOWL ONE BY WAGNER

I'M A BEEMER HAULIN' ON  
THE FAST LANE  
OF YOUR AUTOBAHN  
I'LL CONQUER YOU  
LIKE GHENGIS KAHN

I'M YOUR TOTALITARIAN  
YOUR CARD-CARRYIN'  
ARYAN BAVARIAN  
THERE'S NO TIME FOR TARRYIN'.

I'M GONNA DE-SHIRT YA  
DE-SKIRT YA  
PERVERT YA.  
BUT I WON'T HURT YA, GIRL  
I SWEAR BY GOETHE.  
WHAT?!

**MUSIC VIDEO GIRLS**

THEY GONNA MAKE THIS WHOLE TOWN BURN

**MALE VOICE**

LOOK OUT LADIES

**MUSIC VIDEO GIRLS**

OH THERE'S REASON FOR CONCERN.  
THEY GONNA PAINT THIS WHOLE TOWN RED

**MALE VOICE**

LOOK OUT LADIES

**MUSIC VIDEO GIRLS**

THERE'S TROUBLE UP AHEAD  
THERE'S TROUBLE UP AHEAD.

*(NELSON with MARTIN, BERRY.)*

**NELSON**

The State Department!! How did State Department get involved?!

**BERRY**

Beats me.

**NELSON**

Well now Curveball is over my head and into State Department hands! Which one of you did this?

*(To MARTIN)*

It was *you* wasn't it?

**MARTIN**

Of course not. But either way, the world deserves to know who Curveball is.

**NELSON**

Do you know who he is? He claims to have graduated top of his class at University of Baghdad, their records show that he did not.

**MARTIN**

Okay.

**NELSON**

He claims to have worked for CEDC two years before Saddam recruited him, but CEDC says he was fired after one.

**MARTIN**

I get it.

**NELSON**

He's done time twice! Once for petty theft, once for assault and battery.

**MARTIN**

We vetted the message, not the messenger. And it checks out! Whether he lies about his background is irrelevant, the intel is good!

**NELSON**

If he's not credible, there is no intel. You know that.

**BERRY**

Calm down, Company Man. How bad could the guy possibly be?

*(CURVEBALL and RICHART are miles past sloppy drunk.)*

**CURVEBALL**

Look how much I can fit in my mouth!

*(GERMAN PATRONS cheer as CURVEBALL pours as many shots into his mouth as possible, then swallows.)*

**RICHART**

Shots all around courtesy of the German government!

(GERMAN PATRONS cheer.)

**CURVEBALL**

BABY, I'LL MESOPO-TAME YA,  
INFLAME YA INTO A MANIA  
TILL I CAN'T RESTRAIN YA -  
LEAVE YOU AIMIN' FOR MORE,  
WHO COULD BLAME YA?

GIRL, I'LL FLOOD YOUR EUPHRATES  
THEN DRAIN YA DRY  
LIKE I DO ALL THE LADIES,  
LIKE I'M SADDAM AND YOU THE KUWAITIS.

DON'T BE A NAG HAG  
THIS BRO AIN'T RAGTAG  
SO LET'S GO SHAG SHAG  
THEN YOU CAN BRAG BRAG

YOU STICK WITH ME, AIGHT?  
DON'T MESS WITH MY SHIITE.  
NOW CARRY MY BAG, CADDY.  
CUZ I'M YOUR BAGHDADDY.

**RICHART**

BUH, BUH, BUH, BUH,  
BABY, YOU CAN'T HIDE  
BEHIND THAT BERLIN WALL  
IT'LL ROT YOU  
CLIMB OVER THAT WALL, BABY  
I'LL SPOT YOU

OR ELSE I'LL RIP IT DOWN, BABY  
BASH IT PIECE BY PIECE  
MAKE YOUR PULSE RATE INCREASE  
UNITE MY WEST WITH YOUR EAST

I'LL MERGE YOUR ECONOMY  
YOU'LL LOSE YOUR AUTONOMY  
SUBMIT TO MY REGIME  
WHERE I'LL REIGN SUPREME

SO 'SCUZE ME FOR RUSHIN'  
BUT I'M PRUSSIAN  
END OF DISCUSSION

NOW COME MY LITTLE FLOWER  
PAY ALLEGIANCE TO MY POWER  
I'M YOUR KRAUT BABY  
DON'T MAKE ME SOUR.

*(JERRY enters the room with MARTIN, NELSON and BERRY.)*

**JERRY**

We need to evacuate.

**BERRY**

Why?

**JERRY**

There's been a hijacking. Four planes.

**MARTIN**

*Four planes...?*

**JERRY**

*(Continuous)*

One out of Newark, one from Dulles, two from Boston.

**NELSON**

No one's evacuating. Let's head up to 8 and see what we can contribute. But whatever's going on out there doesn't change a thing.

**CURVEBALL**

I'M YO BAGHDADDY!  
BABY I'M YO BAGHDADDY!

**ENSEMBLE**

*(Ominously)*  
THERE'S TROUBLE UP AHEAD.

End of Act I



## ACT II

### ENSEMBLE

*(Starting off quietly and ominously)*

BLACK  
TOWER OF SMOKE  
CAVES AND CRASHES.  
CRASHES.

GREY  
WALL OF DUST  
SOOT AND ASHES.  
ASHES.

*(The volume builds and becomes more piercing,  
more pained.)*

WE WILL TRACK YOU  
FIND YOU  
OWN YOU  
CHANGE OF GAME  
CHANGE OF TONE.

*(Melodramatic NEWS REPORTERS appear.)*

### NEWS REPORTER 1

*(To camera)*

This just in: everything is not cool here. And if you're a terrorist, it's about to be not cool where you are too.

### NEWS REPORTER 2

Because even though we may not know where Afghanistan is, our military probably does, so watch out!

### NEWS REPORTERS AND ENSEMBLE

WHEN THE SEETHING OF OUR WRATH  
SURROUNDS YOU -  
A THUNDERCLOUD.  
AND OUR SHOCK AND AWE RAINS DOWN  
AND POUNDS YOU  
TILL OUR

### ALL

BLUE BLAZE OF FIRE  
COMES AND WAKES YOU

SHAKES YOU.

OUR WHITE  
FIST OF MIGHT  
UP AND TAKES YOU  
BREAKS YOU.

WE WILL TRACK YOU  
FIND YOU  
MAIM YOU  
MAKE YOU GROAN  
BEAT THE DRUM  
CHANGE OF GAME  
CHANGE OF TONE.

*(MARTIN is being interviewed by one of the NEWS  
REPORTERS on camera.)*

**INTERVIEWER**

*(To camera)*

I'm here with Middle-East expert Martin Bouchard to discuss the potential link between Al Qaeda and Saddam Hussein. Marty?

**MARTIN**

First of all, we should note that I was also the U.N. Chief Weapons Inspector. Now, yes, there is a *bit* of evidence suggesting a link between Saddam and the attacks, but let's talk about the *substantial* evidence linking Saddam to biological weapons. As I wrote in my Compendium... have you read my Compendium?

**INTERVIEWER**

No, I don't believe I have.

**MARTIN**

Okay, well, it's on the UNSCOM website.

**INTERVIEWER**

Uh huh.

**MARTIN**

Okay, well you should read it.

*(To camera, smiling too hard)*

Everyone should read it! Then we'll nail those suckers for good!

**INTERVIEWER**

Al Qaeda?

**MARTIN**

Sure, them too!

*(Spotlight on MARTIN as we hear his inner monologue.)*

WHEN THE HELICOPTER CAMS  
DETECT THEM -  
HIS MOBILE LABS.

OH!  
AND THEY ASK ME "MARTY, PLEASE  
INSPECT THEM"  
CHANGE OF GAME...

**ALL**

WHEN THE SEETHING OF OUR WRATH  
SURROUNDS YOU -  
A THUNDERCLOUD.  
AND OUR SHOCK AND AWE RAINS DOWN  
AND POUNDS YOU TILL OUR

RED SEA OF RAGE  
COMES AND SOAKS YOU  
CHOKES YOU.

OUR BLACK TOWER OF SMOKE  
UP AND CROAKS YOU  
CLOAKS YOU.

WE WILL TRACK YOU  
FIND YOU  
MAIM YOU  
LIGHT THE TORCH  
BEAT THE DRUM  
SCORCH THE EARTH  
HERE WE COME  
CHANGE OF GAME  
CHANGE OF TONE...

*(Lights up on MARTIN in his basement office.  
DEE and DUM enter.)*

**DEE**

Knock knock.

**DUM**

Who's there?

**DEE, DUM**

*(Showing credentials)*

State Department.

**DEE**

Wondering if we could borrow a moment of your time.

**DUM**

We're gathering intelligence, ya see, on the events of Tuesday, September the 11th.

**DEE**

Where were you during said time?

**MARTIN**

At work.

**DUM**

And by "at work" do you mean...

**DEE**

...hijacking planes?

**MARTIN**

No.

**DEE, DUM**

Dammit.

**DUM**

For a minute there I thought we had them.

**DEE**

On another subject: we couldn't help but notice your recent television interview...

**DUM**

The one on the television...

**MARTIN**

*(Defensively)*

Hold on there, I didn't say anything that wasn't already on public record...

**DUM**

No, no, nothing like that.

**DEE**

To the contrary: we've been looking for particular individuals, individuals with a particular set of skills.

**DUM**

And your interview was particularly impressive, Mr. Bouchard. You might just be our golden ticket.

**MARTIN**

Your golden ticket to what?

**DEE**

To briefing Colin Powell himself.

**DUM**

And starting a new Iraqi weapons committee. With you at the helm.

**OTHERS**

CHANGE OF GAME...

*(MARTIN is in disbelief.)*

**DEE**

*(Whispered)*

And touring the chocolate factory.

*(NELSON, back in the SUPPORT GROUP group.)*

**NELSON**

Can I talk?

**LEADER**

*(Pleased)*

Yes. Yes, of course Nelson, please. I've been hoping you would.

**NELSON**

It's just that none of this is protocol.

*(Beat. NELSON has finished.)*

**LEADER**

And how do you feel about that?

**NELSON**

No, I'm done.

**LEADER**

Okay.

**NELSON**

*(Nearly continuous)*

None of this would have happened if we had just followed procedure.

**LEADER**

You say "we," are you attributing blame to yourself?

**NELSON**

Rules exist for a reason. If they seem counterintuitive and counterproductive it's because you're assuming they're for you. They're not for *you*, they're for the system. Adult swim. Obstructive to *you*, child who wants to be in the pool, but helpful to the parents. Bike paths. Obstructive to *you*, pedestrian and motorist, but helpful to the biker and hello, *the environment*. Equitable gravy distribution. Obstructive to *you*, fat man at Thanksgiving, but helpful to the slimmer gravy enthusiasts, such as myself. Manipulate the rules, the system falls apart. Case in point: Analysis reports to Operations, Operations to the Second in Command, praise him, Second in Command to Director Tenet, Tenet to the White House. These are the rules, and they're not for you, they're for all of us. So, to answer your question, no, I don't blame myself because I maintained my respect for the rules when everyone around me faltered.

**SPIRITUAL WOMAN**

Does the heart have rules?

**NELSON**

Yes. It keeps beating or you die.

**SPIRITUAL WOMAN**

Sometimes one can only find life if one has died a thousand deaths.

**NELSON**

What are you talking about?

**SPIRITUAL WOMAN**

*(Meaningfully)*

What am I talking about?

**NELSON**

*(Moving on)*

I'm not like the rest of you. I didn't start this war.  
And here's how.

**ALL**

*(To the audience)*

How Nelson didn't start the Iraq War.

*(NELSON gets RICHART on the phone.)*

**RICHART**

This is Germany.

**NELSON**

*(Quickly and forcefully)*

I never would have approved Curveball, but now it's in State Department hands - don't know how, though I could venture a guess. To get this case dumped, I need proof, hard proof that Curveball's not just a liar, but lying about *this*.

**RICHART**

*(Slow down, dude)*

Wha?

**NELSON**

*(Continuous)*

You need to bring him back in, grill him on every detail, try to trip him up, break him, then report to me directly.

**RICHART**

I don't take orders from you.

**NELSON**

It'd be a favor.

**RICHART**

I don't do favors either. I'm done hasslin' Abu, okay?

**NELSON**

Abu?

**RICHART**

*(Continuous)*

He's a citizen now, and we're tight. We're wingmen.

**NELSON**

*(Resorting to Berry's earlier shtick, but hating himself for it)*

Understood... well, then... you should know... that I know.

*(Beat)*

**RICHART**

You know what?

nelsonYou know.

*(Beat)*

**RICHART**

Furlin?

**NELSON**

*(?)*

Mm hmm. That.

**RICHART**

How'd you find out?

**NELSON**

I'm a professional spy. Now, how do you think your agency would feel if they knew about... Furlin?

**RICHART**

Please don't. Please, please, please don't tell them.

**NELSON**

Then here's how it's going to play:

*(CURVEBALL and RICHART are in interrogation.)*

**CURVEBALL**

Come, brother man Richart, I have told you everything. Many times! You ask me how I built the labs, I tell you. You ask me how I designed the storage facility, I tell you.



**RICHART**

I know, I'm sorry.

**CURVEBALL**

*(Continuous)*

Let us skip this and get more hot buttered muffin and things.

**RICHART**

If you want hot buttered muffin, then let's talk through the story one more time, on the record. The CIA will get lost and the hot muffin will run. It will runneth over.

**CURVEBALL**

Oh, sharmotah on the CIA. And sharmotah on you!

**RICHART**

You know, you're kinda starting to piss me off.

*(CURVEBALL spits in RICHART's face, RICHART pushes CURVEBALL down into a chair. Beat.)*

**CURVEBALL**

What do you want to know that I have not already told you?

**RICHART**

I need to know if everything you told me actually happened.

*(Beat)*

**CURVEBALL**

I am not a liar.

**RICHART**

So tell it to me again.

*(RICHART pulls out a tape recorder, presses record. NELSON in his office, reads aloud.)*

**NELSON**

To the desk of Tyler Nelson: Hydrangea. 13th report.

**RICHART**

*(Into the cassette recorder)*

SEEMS AS IF THE SUBJECT  
HAS EXPENDED ALL HIS CHARM,  
HE'S DRINKING HARD,  
HIS TEMPERAMENT SHOWS CRACKS.

NO NEED TO CONCLUDE  
THIS IS A REASON FOR ALARM,  
AS LONG AS HE'S  
CONSISTENT WITH HIS FACTS.

*(Lights up on CURVEBALL.)*

**CURVEBALL**

I NEVER SAID I WAS THE MASTERMIND -  
I WAS JUST ANOTHER FIELD-HAND  
WHO SUPERVISED CONSTRUCTION  
SOME OF THE TIME.

STOP DOING THIS,  
STOP ACCUSING ME  
OF THESE BULLSHIT CONTRADICTIONS -  
AM I ON TRIAL  
FOR SOME KIND OF BIG CRIME?

**NELSON**

15th report.

**RICHART**

*(Faster)*

HE FINE-TUNES HIS STORY  
A SIGNIFICANT AMOUNT -  
IN AND OF ITSELF,  
NO CAUSE TO FRET.

HIS OWN ROLE GETS MORE MODEST  
WITH EACH PASSING DAY'S ACCOUNT,  
UNLIKE ALL THE LIARS  
WHO WE VET.

**CURVEBALL**

*(Faster still)*

I NEVER SAID I SAW THE ACCIDENT,  
BUT MY FRIEND BARELY SURVIVED IT.  
HIS DAD HAD NO SUCH LUCK,  
I WENT TO HIS WAKE.

**NELSON**

21st report.

**CURVEBALL**

*(Faster still, losing his composure)*

I NEVER MEANT TO SAY THE ACCIDENT  
HAD TO DO WITH THAT GERM PROJECT -  
IF I SAID THAT  
THEN THAT WAS A MISTAKE.

**RICHART**

You realize these stories directly contradict the  
information you supplied us for weeks!

**CURVEBALL**

STOP DOING THIS,  
STOP CONFUSING ME.  
I TELL WHAT I REMEMBER!  
IT WAS YEARS AGO  
SO GIVE A FUCKING BREAK!!

*(Lights down on CURVEBALL and RICHART. NELSON,  
back in the SUPPORT GROUP.)*

**NELSON**

That was all I needed to make it die that day. If we had  
followed protocol, it would never have lived. Then I saw  
this:

*(Lights up on a NEWS REPORTER.)*

**NEWS REPORTER**

*(Into camera)*

The President shocked the world this evening when he  
announced the following at his State of the Union  
address:

*(NELSON watches the State of the Union  
Address.)*

**PRESIDENT BUSH (V.O.)**

"From an Iraqi defector we know that Iraq, in the late  
1990s, had several mobile weapons labs. These are  
designed to produce germ warfare agents and can be moved  
from place to place to evade inspectors. Saddam Hussein

has not disclosed these facilities. He's given no evidence that he has destroyed them."

*(NELSON turns off the television. Beat. Then, grandly:)*

**NELSON**

Fffffffffffffor cryin' out loud.

*(To the SUPPORT GROUP)*

The White House was riding Curveball to war. Which meant I had to ride faster. I went to gather my analysts and found them in a conference room. They weren't alone.

*(NELSON barges into a conference room where BERRY, JERRY, MARTIN, DEE and DUM convene.)*

**DUM**

*(Caught)*

Ooo... Agent Nelson. We were just... uh... it's not what it looks like...

**DEE**

*(Caught)*

He wasn't... um... I mean...

**DUM**

Preparing a brief with your colleagues. On Curveball. I mean we were.

**NELSON**

I'm not their colleague. I'm their superior.

**DEE**

Wait, did we not invite you?

**DUM**

*(Covering with whoopsies)*

Oh, Gayle, see, I told you we forgot something.

**DEE**

Whoopsie!

**DUM**

Double whoopsie! Well...

*(This is awkward)*

...thanks for stopping by.

**NELSON**

You can't speak to these people without speaking to me first. This is a violation of the chain, and when our Second in Command...

**HOLY SINGERS**

OHH, PRAISE HIM

**NELSON**

*(Continuously)*

...whom I praise vigorously, hears about...

**DEE**

Oh, we spoke to your Second in Command.

*(NELSON is shocked.)*

**DUM**

He kind of... said we should deal with these agents...

**DEE**

... without you... so...

*(Beat. NELSON conceals his rage behind a veil of professionalism.)*

**NELSON**

Really? His Controliness knows about this?

**MARTIN**

His Controliness himself. I talked to him personally.

**NELSON**

Hmmmm. He can't speak to the Second, it violates the chain of command.

**DUM**

He's agreed that Agent Bouchard is the perfect candidate to lead our new joint taskforce, the Iraq Survey Group...

**NELSON**

Iraq Survey Group?

**DEE**

*(Sincerely)*

I see how the name could be misleading. It's a group that surveys Iraq.

**DUM**

And we've also enlisted Agents Stanton and Samuel.

**NELSON**

You've made... *these three...* heads of an Iraq Survey Group?

**DEE**

So I'm afraid, in this meeting, what they say goes.

*(NELSON lets a groan escape. This is his nightmare.)*

**BERRY**

*(To MARTIN)*

Oh, let Company Man stay.

**MARTIN**

Sure. If he promises to be good.

**DEE**

Do you want to stay, Company Man?

**NELSON**

*(Looking for a seat)*

Yes.

**DEE**

Do you,,, promise to be good?

**NELSON**

Fine.

**DEE**

Say "I promise to be good."

*(MARTIN smiles.)*

**NELSON**

I promise. To be good.

**MARTIN**

Back to business. How to include Curveball in Colin Powell's speech before the U.N...

**NELSON**

No!!

**MARTIN**

Excuse me?

**NELSON**

*(Stands)*

Absolutely not, the source isn't...

**DEE**

*(Interrupting)*

I'm sorry, Agent Nelson, but this isn't your meeting.

**NELSON**

I know but...

**STATE DEP'T OFFICIAL DUM**

*(Interrupting)*

And interrupting other people's meetings isn't something company men do. Didn't we just hear you're a company man?

*(NELSON struggles, sits.)*

**MARTIN**

Okay...

**NELSON**

*(Standing)*

Fuck this! There I said it. The latest reports from Curveball's handler demonstrate, I believe conclusively, that his whole story is a lie. We have to shut it down.

*(NELSON hands the Curveball file to DEE.)*

**BERRY**

*(Caught off guard)*

Latest reports?

**DEE**

Oh, dear.

**DUM**

Oh, double dear.

**DEE**

This does change things.

**MARTIN**

Guys. It changes nothing. Let's not forget his original statements validate my Compendium...

**DEE**

*(Interrupting)*

Your what?

**MARTIN**

My Compendium. It's on the UNSCOM website.

**DUM**

Do we have clearance?

**MARTIN**

*(Frustrated)*

Yes, it's on the public site, it's... everyone in the world has... (groan) the point is: once you send me in there I'll find those weapons. I'll find them - that's a promise.

**BERRY**

Grandpa's right.

*(Funky underscoring starts to play.)*

The evidence is overwhelming that Curveball's original story is true regardless of what he changed after being... harassed or whatever.

**NELSON**

Oh, come on.

**BERRY**

*(To NELSON)*

But here's a question: what if Curveball was lying? What if he made the entire thing up? Does that mean there aren't weapons?

**NELSON**

This guy's our only eyewitness. If he's a liar...



**BERRY**

*(Interrupting)*

Not what I'm asking. What I'm asking is do you truly believe, in your heart, that Saddam Hussein *doesn't* have WMDs? Actually, let me try something...

*(To the room)*

Raise your hand if you think Saddam Hussein *doesn't* have WMDs.

*(Beat. Nobody moves.)*

Raise your hand if you have doubt.

*(Beat. BERRY stares NELSON down, but HE doesn't raise his hand.)*

So what are we talking about? There's innocent lives at stake here. We're all people of conviction. Let's fucking do this.

*(Underscoring stops. Silence. BERRY sits.)*

**NELSON**

*(Calmly)*

You know what I think? I think you don't care about innocent lives so much. I think you just don't want to go back to tracking aliens.

**DEE**

*(Under breath to DUM)*

I knew there were aliens.

**NELSON**

I appeal to the Second in Command! Alert the guards!

*(ALL gasp.)*

**HOLY HERALD 1**

He appealeth to the Second in Command!

**HOLY HERALD 2**

He appealeth to the Second in Command!

*(The room fills with royal underscoring and other pomposity and grandiosity. The SECOND IN COMMAND enters, wearing a papal hat of red tape. HE is accompanied by SERVANTS, dress in robes, and carrying paperwork.)*

**SERVANTS**

OH OH OH HE COMETH

OH OH OH HE COMETH  
OH OH OH HE COMETH  
THE SECOND IN COMMAND...

**SECOND IN COMMAND**

SPEAK MY SON, SPEAK MY SON  
SPEAK MY SON - UNLOAD  
YOUR CARES AND BURDENS.

**NELSON**

YOUR BUREAUCRACY,  
HAVE I EVER DARED NOT  
BOW TO THOSE ABOVE ME?  
EVER DARED REFUSE TO HONOR  
THEIR COMMANDMENTS?  
BUT HERE I HAVE NO OPTION.

I SINK TO MY KNEES  
AS THE THOUGHT OF  
WHAT WE DOETH WEAKENS ME.  
PLEASE!  
JUST THIS ONCE!  
RECONSIDER THE ROAD WE CHOOSE!  
WE'LL HAVE BLOOD ON OUR HANDS,  
REMORESE IN OUR SOULS.  
READ THROUGH MY PLEA!  
YOU MUST READ THROUGH IT,  
PLEASE.

**SERVANTS**

OH OH OH HE THINKETH  
OH OH OH HE THINKETH  
OH OH OH HE THINKETH  
THE SECOND IN COMMAND...

**SECOND IN COMMAND**

WE SHOULD JAM  
ON THE BRAKES  
OF THE TRAIN, MY SON,  
YOU ALONE  
SAY WE MUST NOT RUN?

BEST BEWARE  
OF THE PERILOUS PATH  
YOU TREAD, MY SON.

**NELSON**

A PATH THEY SHUT ME OUT OF.

**SECOND IN COMMAND**

WE SHOULD VOID  
THE DECREE  
HANDLED DOWN, MY SON,  
YOU ALONE SAY  
SHOULD BE UNDONE?

**NELSON**

A DECREE THAT ISN'T VALID.

**SECOND IN COMMAND**

DON'T YOU KNOW  
THERE ARE TIMES  
WHAT GOES DOWN IS  
PREORDAINED  
BY A HIGHER POWER?

**NELSON**

YOUR BUREAUCRACY -  
I WOULD NEVER DARE NOT  
BOW TO THOSE ABOVE ME -  
NEVER DARE REFUSE TO HONOR  
THEIR COMMANDMENTS  
BUT THEY DEFILED THE SYSTEM.

**SECOND IN COMMAND**

The system changed.

**NELSON**

The system broke. The rung below me spoke to the rung  
above me, and I fell off completely.

**SECOND IN COMMAND**

The system works in mysterious ways. Now, complete three  
R-fath-Rs ["our fathers"] and be on your way.

**NELSON**

R-Fath-Rs? You mean Report of Finding that Appeal has  
been Thoroughly Resolved Forms? Sir, my appeal has *not*  
been resolved.

**SECOND IN COMMAND**

I disagree. That will be all, my son.

*(NELSON turns to exit, then stops himself.)*

**NELSON**

RULES ARE NOT TO PICK AND CHOOSE  
WHICH TO KEEP AND WHICH TO LOSE,  
WHICH ONES, "HEY, WHY NOT ABUSE?"

BUT THIS ONE WON'T JUST WRECK OUR DAY,  
RUIN OUR WEEKEND,  
DOCK OUR PAY,  
THIS TIME, SIR,  
THERE'S HELL TO PAY.

THE RULES WE BREAK  
WILL EXACT THEIR TAKE  
WE WILL HARVEST WHAT WE SOW.

The other night I looked my son in the eye and told him his dad's an astronaut because he followed the rules his whole life, never broke them from day one. And if that's not true, what do I tell him when I get home? That kid who fought and scraped his way into honors classes because he wants to be like his dad?

*(Beat)*

**SECOND IN COMMAND**

You tell your son you're an astronaut?

*(Beat)*

**NELSON**

Yeah, I mean... I can't tell him I'm a spy.

**SECOND IN COMMAND**

Then he's a fool to believe it. Astronauts are heroes. You're nothing but a cog.

**NELSON**

I'll leak to the press.

*(The musical pulse stops.)*

**SECOND IN COMMAND**

Pardon?

**NELSON**

Pull Curveball or I'll leak this to the press. Then we'll let the public decide which of us is the cog.

*(ALL exit. Lights up on NEWS REPORTER.)*

**NEWS REPORTER**

Suspense mounts as the nation awaits Colin Powell's upcoming remarks to the U.N. Security Council. Will the Secretary argue in favor of military force in Iraq? The answer... will be known... right now. Yes he will.

*(NELSON at home, a phone rings.)*

**NELSON**

Nelson.

*(Director of the CIA, GEORGE TENET, is on the other line. TENET is all business.)*

**TENET**

Nelson, this is George Tenet.

**NELSON**

Oh. I wasn't expecting you, sir.

**TENET**

I'm very unexpected. The Second tells me you have concerns about the Bio-Weapons source? The one Powell's gonna use in his speech tonight?

**NELSON**

Yes! Yes, very much so.

**TENET**

And that you've been throwing around the "L" word?

**NELSON**

You mean, "leak." Well, yes. I've been thinking about it, sir, and if the proper course isn't...

**TENET**

No, I'm glad you did. You're a careful man, a Company Man, and frankly we need more like you who aren't afraid to challenge authority. To do what's right. And we need them in senior positions.

**NELSON**

Okay.

**TENET**

Tyler, with McCann on the way out, we need a new Deputy Executive Director. And with the character you've displayed in this Curveball ordeal, I think you'd be an excellent fit for the job. We reward our company men.

**NELSON**

Oh... I wasn't expecting...

**TENET**

As I said, I'm very unexpected. You'll take the job.

**NELSON**

Of course I will, sir.

**TENET**

It wasn't a question. You deserve it.

**NELSON**

*(Incredibly relieved)*

Thank you, sir. Thank you, I think I do.

**TENET**

Then we understand each other?

**NELSON**

Do we...?

**TENET**

Then we understand each other?

**NELSON**

I... I don't think I catch your drift, sir.

**TENET**

I think you do.

*(Beat. The pulse of the music cuts out.)*

**TENET**

Tyler. Part of being a company man is trusting the company to do what it thinks is right. Are you going to be a company man? Or are you going to be... a problem?

*(NELSON struggles for a good while.)*

**TENET (CONT'D)**

Fine, I'll give it to Jacobs...

**NELSON**

No!

*(Beat, then mumbled)*

Company man.

**TENET**

What's that?

**NELSON**

Company man. I'm... I'm a company man.

**TENET**

Then we understand each other. Welcome to the officers' club.

*(TENET hangs up. NELSON sits, stunned at his own behavior, then turns on the television. Powell's speech has begun.)*

**COLIN POWELL (V.O.)**

"My colleagues, every statement I make today is backed up by sources, solid sources. We have firsthand descriptions of biological weapons factories on wheels and on rails."

**ENSEMBLE**

*(Mournfully)*

TOO BAD, NELSON.

**COLIN POWELL (V.O.)**

"The source was an eyewitness, an Iraqi chemical engineer who supervised one of these facilities."

*(NELSON stands slowly, racked by self-loathing.)*

**ENSEMBLE**

*(Mournfully)*

GOOD OLD, NELSON.

**COLIN POWELL (V.O.)**

"This defector is currently hiding in another country with the certain knowledge that Saddam Hussein will kill

him if he finds him. There can be no doubt that Saddam Hussein has biological weapons and the capability to rapidly produce more, many more."

*(NELSON stands on a chair, pulls a rope from the ceiling.)*

**ENSEMBLE**

TOO BAD, NELSON.  
GOOD OLD, NELSON.

*(NELSON starts doing pull ups on the rope.)*

**LEADER**

So that's when you started working out.

*(NELSON finishes his pull-ups, takes his seat in the SUPPORT GROUP.)*

**LEADER (CONT'D)**

You seem like you blame yourself.

**NELSON**

There's nothing to blame myself for. Like I said, I'm not like the rest of you.

**LEADER**

Is that really how you feel?

**NELSON**

What I *feel* is I did everything I could. Just because I failed doesn't mean I didn't try.

**LEADER**

Do you believe that?

**NELSON**

*(Exploding)*

So I took the job! After everything I gave to the agency it was *mine* to take! It was *my* turn! If I passed over *one thing* along the way, it doesn't matter, it doesn't matter, it would have happened anyway, it all would have happened anyway!

**LEADER**

Okay.



**NELSON**

I deserved that title! After everything I'd done for them  
I deserved that, *I deserved...!*

**LEADER**

Okay.

**NELSON**

Fine. I'm Tyler Nelson, and I started...

*(Beat)*

I'm not a hero. I did the best I could. Tell me I did the  
best I could.

*(NELSON struggles.)*

Tell me I did the best I could.

*(Beat)*

I'm Tyler Nelson. And I...

*(NELSON stays still for a good while, then  
stands up and exits.)*

**LEADER**

*(After a pause)*

He'll come back. He'll keep coming back. Until he accepts  
what we all must accept.

*(Beat. HE turns to MARTIN.)*

Martin. I think it's time, don't you?

*(Beat)*

Martin?

*(Beat)*

Martin?

**JERRY**

Martin, where is it?

*(MARTIN, BERRY and JERRY are in a warehouse in  
Iraq.)*

**ALL**

*(To the audience)*

How things end where they began.

**JERRY**

Martin, where's the Clostridium Botulinum? Where's the  
Anthrax?

**MARTIN**

It's here. It's definitely here, we just need to keep looking.

*(TWO NEWS REPORTERS appear.)*

**NEWS REPORTER**

This just in: it's definitely here, we just need to keep looking. And now, just forty-three days after the "conflict's" onset, we've flown out our finest crackerjacks, the "Iraq Survey Group," to nail those weapons down and lock 'em up.

*(BERRY, JERRY and MARTIN in a new warehouse.)*

**MARTIN**

Okay, location two - there is treasure to be troved.

**BERRY**

Let's do it.

**MARTIN**

HE HID THE PROJECT HERE -  
A MILL NORTHEAST OF TOWN  
TO MASK THE SOUNDS AND SMELLS  
THAT THEY'D CREATE.

*(JERRY swabs the floor.)*

BUT THEIR WORK LEFT A RESIDUE  
THAT STAINED THE WALLS LIGHT BROWN.

*(JERRY puts the swab in a machine, it beeps negatively.)*

CHECK FOR THAT AND  
SOON WE'LL HAVE CHECK MATE.

**JERRY**

Nothing here.

**BERRY**

Location four.

**MARTIN**

HOW COULD I, HOW COULD I NOT WIN  
WITH WHAT I ALONE, I ALONE CAN GIVE -

ALL MY KNOWLEDGE AND MY EXPERTISE,  
MY LASER INTUITION,  
LEAD THEM TO, LEAD THEM TO THE TRUTH  
ABOUT HIS BIO-AMMUNITION,  
WHEN TRUTH ALONE CAN JUSTIFY  
OUR JUST ACCOMPLISHED MISSION.

*(JERRY places another swab in a chemical  
reader.)*

**JERRY**

Nothing.

**MARTIN**

*(Pointing to a different spot)*

Try it there.

*(THEY go to another section of the facility,  
swab the floor, and put it through the reader.  
Same result.)*

**BERRY**

He must've... bleached the floor.

**JERRY**

Right.

**NEWS REPORTER**

And even more just in, Dana - another search has begun in Germany, as Curveball has fled BND housing. Curveball - now elusive as the weapons he created.

*(Lights up on RICHART, speaking into his tape recorder.)*

**RICHART**

WE HAVE LOST THE SUBJECT,  
BUT WE THINK WE'RE ON HIS TRAIL,  
HOPING THAT HE'S JUST AROUND THE BEND.  
WHO WOULD'VE STOPPED TO THINK  
THIS WHOLE THING COULD DERAIL -  
CAN'T BELIEVE I THOUGHT HE WAS MY FRIEND.

*(BERRY, JERRY and MARTIN continue to search.)*

**MARTIN**

Location nine. This one'll have it.

**BERRY**

Let's do it.

**MARTIN**

THE WAREHOUSE NEEDED ALTERING  
TO HIDE INCOMING TRUCKS,  
SCREEN THEM FROM THE EYES OF SATELLITES.  
HE DESIGNED A SECRET DOOR -  
A MASTERSTROKE DELUXE.  
THIS IS HOW HE KEPT THEM FROM OUR SIGHTS.

**JERRY**

Location fifteen.

**MARTIN**

THEY'LL KILL ME IF I  
GOT SUCKED IN BY A LIE...  
TO SAVE US FROM WOE,  
PLEASE, IT CAN'T BE A LIE!  
I OWE TO THEM  
AND I OWE IT TO ME  
I DESERVE IT.

**JERRY**

Location twenty.

**MARTIN**

I DESERVE IT!

**JERRY**

Location twenty-two.

**MARTIN**

I DESERVE IT!

*(Nothing is there. JERRY has lost his  
enthusiasm.)*

**BERRY**

Let's check the walls one more time.

*(RICHART is in the streets of Berlin, searching  
for Curveball.)*

**RICHART**

WE HAVE LEARNED THE SUBJECT

FAILS TO PAY HIS TAB IN BARS  
AND DOESN'T PAY HIS FARE  
WHEN HE RIDES TRAINS.  
HE HAS GROWN A TENDENCY  
TO PILFER FINE CIGARS -  
HAVEN'T FOUND HIM,  
BUT WE'RE MAKING GAINS.

*(GERMAN OFFICER walks by.)*

Excuse me, Herr Police Officer. Detective Richart Becker.

*(RICHART flashes his credentials, and pulls out  
a photo of Curveball.)*

Have you seen this man?

**GERMAN OFFICER**

We took dies man in last night. He's in a holding /  
cell...

**RICHART**

Took him in for what?

*(Back to JERRY, BERRY and MARTIN, who are  
exhausted from their frantic search.)*

**BERRY**

*(Breathing heavily)*

He must... have given the wrong location... to throw us  
off his trail...

**MARTIN**

Never could hit a curveball, but I sure could hit one  
right now.

**BERRY**

If we re-examine... some other sites... we'll find it.

*(JERRY and MARTIN say nothing. Accusingly)*

What?

*(JERRY and MARTIN stay silent.)*

What?!

**JERRY**

I think we should go to Germany. I think we should speak  
to Curveball face to face.

**BERRY**

I'm not giving up.

**JERRY**

I'm not either. I just think the source himself might give us a better idea...

**BERRY**

*(Interrupting)*

The search goes on, Jerry! I mean, seriously, what are you afraid of?

*(JERRY stays silent.)*

Grandpa?

**MARTIN**

*(Struggles for a moment)*

We can do Germany later. The search goes on.

*(BERRY makes to exit.)*

**JERRY**

I think this is a bad idea.

**BERRY**

See, Jer? This is why I can't take you nice places.

*(BERRY exits. After a beat)*

**JERRY**

Do you feel like this has gotten less funny?

*(MARTIN and JERRY get into the exposed backseat of an off-road vehicle. Two MILITARY ESCORTS are in the front.)*

**JERRY (CONT'D)**

*(Consulting a map)*

Next location: Djerf al Nadaf.

**MILITARY ESCORT 1**

Buckle up!

**MARTIN**

Yeah.

**MILITARY ESCORT 2**

Let's go!

*(The jeep takes off, MARTIN and JERRY bounce in their seats.)*

**JERRY**

I guess I used to think everything was pretty funny. Now I'm not so sure.

*(MARTIN stays silent.)*

Maybe things are most funny when you don't think they matter. That's why we're capable of laughing at ourselves - because we don't know how we end.

*(Gunshots in the distance. JERRY and MARTIN notice.)*

**MARTIN**

*(To the MILITARY ESCORTS)*

Gunshots!

**MILITARY ESCORT 1**

No problem.

**JERRY**

They say the war's over, but if you look at the people... I guess I'm scared it hasn't started yet. And spiders, I'm really scared of spiders.

*(Beat)*

What are you scared of?

**MARTIN**

Spiders is a good one.

*(Beat)*

Am I wrong?

**JERRY**

You are *not* wrong. But you can't pick spiders, you have to pick something else.

**MARTIN**

Being wrong. I'm afraid of being wrong.

**JERRY**

Oh.

**MARTIN**

I once got a pet spider, tarantula, for Annie... Annie's my daughter.

**JERRY**

Yeah.

**MARTIN**

It had its stingers removed, or fangs or whatever. It wasn't dangerous anyway. But Annie... she... would play with the tarantula, and then... cry. Because she said it bit her.

**JERRY**

But it didn't.

**MARTIN**

Of course it didn't. It couldn't. But she thought it did. Or lied about it.

**JERRY**

Kids do that.

**MARTIN**

We all do that. It's called delusion. And you know what it looks like before it becomes delusion? Conviction that never got its due.

*(More gunshots in the distance. JERRY shudders.)*

Calling her... Calling Annie. Maybe my number one fear is dialing that phone number. Admitting I was wrong is number two.

**JERRY**

I mistranslated a word, a critical word. I didn't mean to, and then... I could've done something about it and I didn't. I don't know why I didn't... I... I started this war.

*(Beat. MARTIN shakes his head.)*

**MARTIN**

You know... the truth is...

*(Gunshot. JERRY is shot in the chest. We see the blood. A bomb explodes in the distance. Gunshots. MARTIN ducks for cover. Frantic music. Lights up on FIRST REPORTER.)*



**FIRST REPORTER**

A Humvee was fired at on a Baghdad street today, killing one soldier and one American civilian, this amidst growing violence in Iraq leads many / to speculate that the most violent days are still ahead of us.

*(Footage and data from the Iraq War are displayed around the room.)*

**SECOND REPORTER**

*(Overlapping)*

The Defense Department may be forced to call up thousands of additional National Guard and Reserve / troops for duty if foreign nations do not volunteer sufficient forces for a third international division.

**THIRD REPORTER**

*(Overlapping)*

A massive suicide blast demolished U.N. headquarters in Baghdad today; top A.I.D. officials are among the seventeen dead.

**FIRST REPORTER**

Leaving a nation to wonder: whose idea was this anyway?

*(Germany. RICHART stands across from CURVEBALL in the holding cell. MARTIN and BERRY watch from the outside.)*

**RICHART**

Two CIA guys have asked to meet you. They have some questions. So do I, I guess.

*(CURVEBALL stays silent.)*

Police say you tried to rape a teenage girl. Did you?

**CURVEBALL**

No.

**RICHART**

Are you lying?

**CURVEBALL**

No!

**RICHART**

Are you lying?

*(Beat)*

Are you always lying?

**CURVEBALL**

SPEAK TO ME TOMORROW -  
SPEAK TO ME WHEN DARKNESS GOES.  
SPEAK TO ME TOMORROW  
AND I'LL TELL ALL...  
ALL YOU NEED TO HEAR.

NOT LONG TILL TOMORROW -  
NOT LONG TILL THE DAYLIGHT SHOWS.  
NOT LONG TILL TOMORROW -  
THEN I WON'T STALL -  
TOMORROW I'LL BE CLEAR.  
YES, I THINK YOU SHOULD  
COME BACK TOMORROW.  
YES, TOMORROW IS NEAR,  
I'LL BE HERE.

*(TWO NEWS REPORTERS speak.)*

**NEWS REPORTER 1**

Thus far, the Defense Department has identified 1,486 American and Allied troops who have died since the start of the invasion.

**NEWS REPORTER 2**

That on top of an estimated 23,000 Iraqi civilians. Despite continued optimism from the administration, casualties continue to escalate.

**CURVEBALL**

LEARN THE TRUTH TOMORROW -  
LEARN THE TRUTH WHEN MEMORY FLOWS.  
LEARN THE TRUTH TOMORROW -  
I'LL HAVE RECALL  
TOMORROW, NEVER FEAR.

YES, I THINK YOU SHOULD COME BACK TOMORROW.  
YES, TOMORROW IS NEAR,  
I'LL BE HERE.

*(RICHART hangs his head, joins BERRY and MARTIN outside the holding cell.)*

PLEASE...

I'M JUST A GUY...  
I'M JUST A LOST AND LONELY GUY.  
PLEASE...  
I REALLY TRY -  
I'M JUST A GUY!

**RICHART**

We found this in his apartment. It's a print out of bio-warfare theories - highlighted, notated, memorized. This is how the source got his source...

**MARTIN**

He made the whole thing up. Unbelievable.

**RICHART**

To get into Germany?

**MARTIN**

To take down Saddam, maybe?

**BERRY**

Because he wanted to do something that mattered to him. And he didn't think about how it would matter to everyone else.

**RICHART**

And then he got caught in over his head.

**MARTIN**

And he wanted to save face.

**BERRY**

And so he left a trail of good people dead. Like a wildfire.

*(BERRY exits.)*

**MARTIN**

*(Reading Curveball's printout for the first time)*

Wait. You found this with Curveball?

**RICHART**

He had the whole thing memorized.

*(MARTIN looks away. Starts laughing. After a moment.)*

**MARTIN**

*(Showing the printout to RICHART)*

My Compendium. Someone did read it.

**CURVEBALL**

SPEAK TO ME TOMORROW -  
SPEAK TO ME WHEN DAYLIGHT SHOWS.  
SPEAK TO ME TOMORROW  
AND I'LL TELL ALL...  
ALL YOU NEED TO HEAR.

YES, I THINK YOU SHOULD COME BACK TOMORROW.  
YES, TOMORROW IS NEAR,  
I'LL BE HERE.

*(MARTIN is alone. NELSON enters.)*

**NELSON**

I CAN RUN, BUT NEVER FROM MY HEART.  
CAN'T DENY WHAT IT KNOWS IS TRUE.

**NELSON, RICHART**

I CAN HIDE, BUT NEVER FROM MY HEART,  
CAN'T DEFY WHAT IT HOLDS ME TO.

**NELSON, RICHART, BERRY**

BUT IF I FACE THE BLAME  
THEN GRACE WILL SET ME FREE.

*(As the Pledge continues, MARTIN pauses, then takes out his cellphone. He dials, then after a beat, speaks into the phone.)*

**MARTIN**

Annie, it's dad. I... uh... it's been a long time now, and... I'm not much into politics these days, but... some people are saying the powers that be wanted this war all along. Maybe that's true, maybe not. Well, it definitely is, but either way, they needed to give the country a justification, and we served it to them with the crusts cut off. A whole line of us, three, four, a hundred people helped serve it to them. And the crazy thing is any one of us could have been the one to stop it. Any one of us could have *stopped it* and it would have been *done* forever. But everyone assumed someone else would.

*(Beat)*

**MARTIN (CONT'D)**

I guess what I'm saying is I've been waiting for you to call, but it was me. *I did this to us.*

*(Beat)*

And when you call me back, I'll tell you that *I'm sorry*, so you don't have to be.

*(MARTIN hangs up, joins the SUPPORT GROUP in progress. We are now back at the top of the show, with MARTIN entering the SUPPORT GROUP late, clutching his cell phone.)*

**SUPPORT GROUP MEMBERS**

IN MY DARKEST HOUR  
PEACE WILL COME TO ME.  
IN MY DARKEST HOUR  
IF I TURN,  
FACE THE BLAME,  
THEN PEACE AT LAST WILL  
COME TO ME.

**LEADER**

Martin, it's good to see you, as always. No cellphones, please.

**MARTIN**

*(Putting away his cellphone)*

I'm Martin I started the Iraq War.

**ALL**

Hi Martin.

**LEADER**

Now, we know you're not big into the talking, but tell us if you can: do you blame yourself?

*(No answer)*

Do you blame yourself, Martin?

*(No answer)*

Martin?

*(No answer)*

Martin?

End of play.